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# Together<sup>®</sup>

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JULY 1971

RECEIVED

You, Your Freedom, and Authority  
Twin Cities Challenged: 'Seize the Times'  
Women and the Church

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Summertime—a paper and sand sculpture by John M. Bolt, Jr.



## WHEN I GROW OLD

---

These are the pleasures I would hold  
As life's day wanes to sunset gold,  
And neighbors whisper I am old:

A little house, not hard to keep,  
Over whose roof the quiet days creep,  
With time for thought and prayer and sleep.

A little garden, glimmering near,  
Where old-time blossoms quaint and dear,  
Unfold in beauty year by year.

A little work to do with zest,  
Making life easier and more blest  
For household mates whom I love best.

A little group of long-tried friends,  
Whose presence joy and comfort lends  
Until the final peace descends.

These are the pleasures I would hold,  
As life's day wanes to sunset gold,  
And neighbors whisper I am old.

—*Effie Smith Ely*



## Together

You, Your Family, and Friends  
Join Us in Celebrating the 10th Anniversary  
of the United Methodist Church



Our Summertime cover is neither painting nor drawing, although it contains something of each. It is actually a three-dimensional collage, the work of an extremely versatile artist, **John M. Bolt, Jr.**, of Wheaton, Ill., who did a similar work on the autumnal theme for our November, 1969, cover. Mr. Bolt tells us that he finds his collage materials almost everywhere. This one has real sand, cotton clouds, paper, straw, wood, and miscellaneous items—all held securely together by a remarkable substance he calls "gooey gaa." Not only is Mr. Bolt an expert collage artist, he also is a painter, designer, commercial and poster artist who contributes regularly to a variety of publications. Another example of his work—straight art this time—accompanies our *Small Fry* feature you'll find on page 58.

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# Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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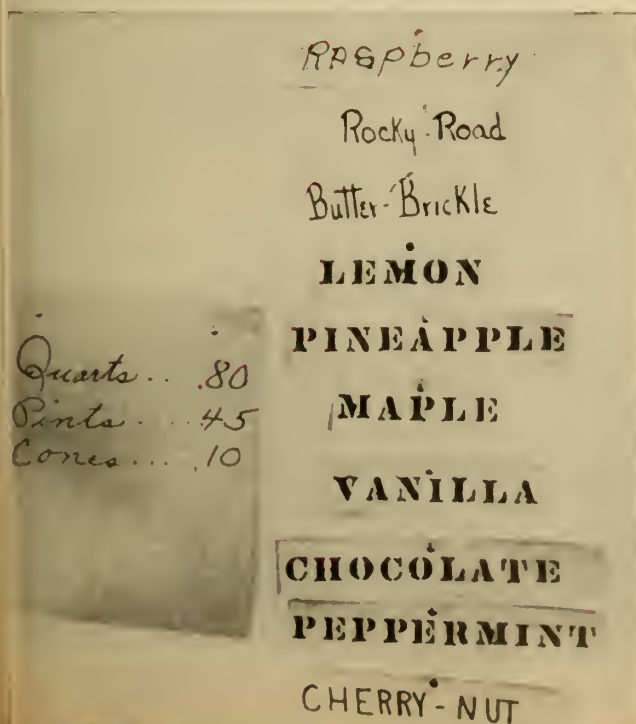




At the Rock Elm Ice Cream Social...

# Temptation Comes In Ten Flavors

Text by John A. Lovelace / Pictures by George P. Miller



A HUNDRED MILES from every temptation but one stands the tiny, aging town of Rock Elm, Wisconsin, its rolling farmscape sparkled by the fresh-paint whiteness of the United Methodist Church (active membership 70).

It is not yet 6:30 of an exhilarating summer evening, but already cars are streaming onto the church grounds. Within the next three hours as many as a thousand persons will come here.

Revival? Not exactly, though a hymn like *Yield Not to Temptation* might be appropriate. At Rock Elm, temptation comes in 10 flavors. For this is ice cream social night, and the sin of gluttony surely was invented for such a time and such a place.

Other churches in this far northwestern section of

Seven flavors—lemon through cherry-nut—are standard on Rock Elm's take-your-choice board. Others, like raspberry and strawberry, are added in season.



*Scoops fly and the women work fast and furiously when the crowd starts lining up at the serving window. It takes most of two days to prepare a batch of ice cream for one social, but it takes only a few minutes for an eager young customer to work her way down to the cone.*



America's Dairyland may have their ice cream socials, too, but Rock Elm's is the granddaddy of 'em all. It dates back to 1886, and that's 85 (count 'em) years.

Tonight's social is sure to be a sellout. Most of them are, unless they are rained on (never rained out), or unless the haying season cuts into the crowd. There are six in a summer, on alternate Thursday nights.

A sellout means upwards of 160 gallons of homemade ice cream, 20 or more cakes, and uncounted gallons of coffee will be consumed. Handbills, newspaper ads, and (what else?) word of mouth have spread the word, and people drive from Minnesota's Twin Cities 50 miles to the west or even farther for Rock Elm ice cream and sociability.

Frenzy flourishes in the kitchen. Stout-armed ladies wield the scoops—dipping, gouging, rising, opening, depositing, dipping again. No paper plates or plastic spoons, either. Behind the scoopers-servers another brigade keeps the church-basement china and tooth-marked silver at the ready, plates chilled so the ice cream won't melt too quickly.

And once it's your turn at the window, what a choice! Never fewer than 7 flavors, sometimes 10. Maple made with syrup tapped from native trees. Strawberry or





*Young and old, usually in families, enjoy the Rock Elm ice cream social. Within minutes the basement dining room is packed, and the line streams in from the outside for at least two hours. Experienced volunteers keep the crowd moving. Outside there is time for sitting and visiting, and "social" means exactly that.*







Harold Churchill (above, left) in his 80s, remembers his parents telling how they and friends started the Rock Elm ice cream social before he was born, and he enjoys sharing the lore with visitors. Others, more at home, know a comfortable place to sit where they can chat and, cones in hand, savor some of the famous Rock Elm ice cream.



raspberry in season. Peppermint with real candy peppermint chips, and more exotic flavors like "rocky road" or butter brickle.

In the dining room, packed with fold-up tables and chairs, ruddy-cheeked kids mingle with silver-thatched oldsters. Weathered arms and faces remind you that these are, for the most part, farm people. And the hugs, the handshakes, and the backslaps tell you that, at Rock Elm, ice cream social means ice cream *and* social.

The creamy cool richness sliding smoothly down your throat belies the work which began 36 hours before your plate was mounded high. On that Wednesday morning some 20 women had begun cracking 60 dozen eggs and adding the yolks to 46 gallons of whole fresh milk, 20 gallons of heavy pasteurized cream, and 80 pounds of sugar to make the custard base. (Flavorings and egg whites are added later, just before freezing.)

The custard has been heated in a maple-wood-fired steam boiler to 175 degrees, then cooled down with water from the church's well. Finally, on Thursday morning, it has been poured into the electric-driven freezers, two of them holding 10 gallons, two others holding half as much. Six hundred pounds of ice and 100 pounds of salt will be exhausted before the cream is all frozen.

You've paid 15¢ for your heaping plateful of ice cream, but it has cost \$175 to \$200 to put this sellout-crowd batch of cream on the table. In a whole summer's socials the women of the church, who do most of the work, may clear a modest \$1,000. It will go to paint the church or carpet the aisles or aid a mission project. The women make the money (one admiring male old-timer says, "They're the best bunch of working women you ever could see") and they jolly well decide how it is spent.

Long after the cream taste is gone from your mouth you recall, appreciatively, the conversations you overheard: "Come in, you're welcome. Where you from?" "St. Paul." "Good. Thank you for coming."

Or another dialogue-in-passing: "Get enough to eat?" "Sure did. Better than ever" (to the accompaniment of appreciative tummy-rubbing).

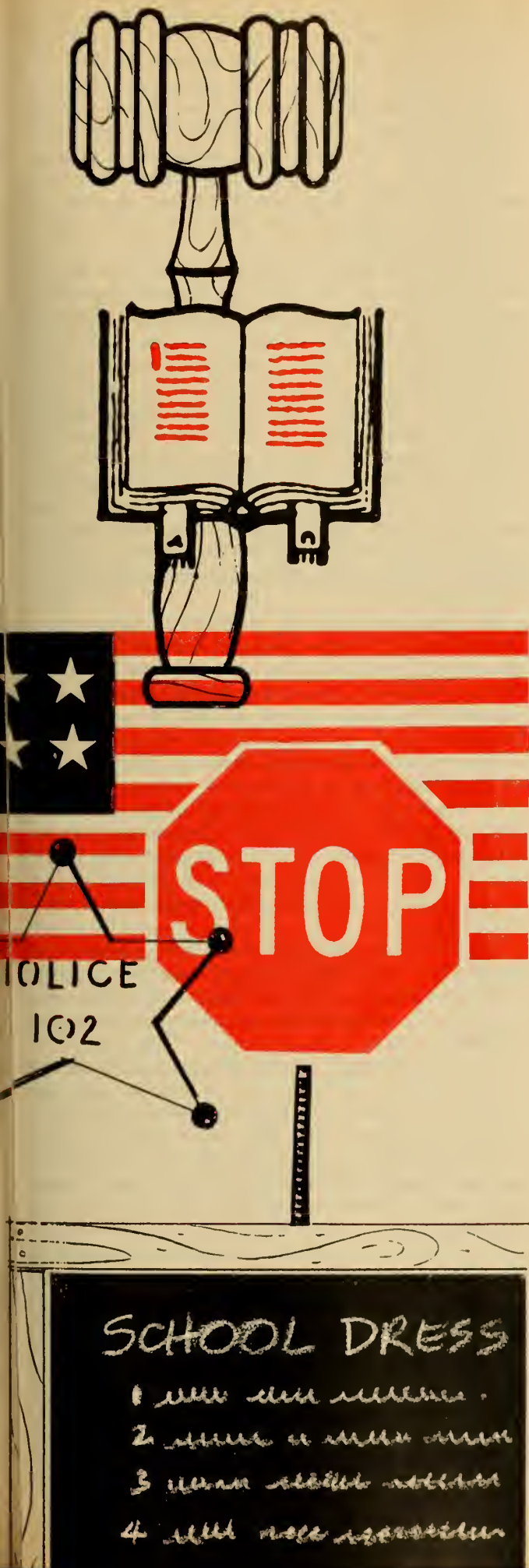
Or this one: "You don't remember me. I was Walter Arnold's wife. We lived in Olivet, but now we live in the valley."

Simple words. Simple event, really, even with all the work and the organizing. By 8:50 the choice is down to peppermint and vanilla. By 9:05 it's down to peppermint. By 9:10 sold out.

By ten o'clock all cleaned up. Kitchen closed. Lights out. Crowd gone.

For the reporter, no big story. No "scoop," in the news sense. Just a healthy heap of life from a place where "rocky road" is a temptation, not a tribulation. □





# On Whose Authority?

By RACHEL CONRAD WAHLBERG

SEE A MOVIE? Read a book? Watch a TV program? Determine your clothing and hairstyle? In such matters you probably feel, as I do, that you are your own authority. In the area of personal freedom you listen to others, read reviews and editorials, think about the issue—and you make up your own mind.

Now take this test:

Yes No (Check one for each statement)

- ☐ ☐ I have written my congressman to express my feelings about the war in Southeast Asia.
- ☐ ☐ I have tried to influence my community's direction concerning such things as traffic improvement, zoning, school-board decisions.
- ☐ ☐ I think adults should be able to see any movie, read any book, go any place they wish.
- ☐ ☐ I have tried to work for healthy change where needed in my church's worship, educational practices, social concerns, or financial priorities.
- ☐ ☐ I think that laws regarding drugs, civil rights, abortion, the draft, taxes should be restudied and, if possible, improved.

Your reaction to these statements indicates whether you question authority and custom. Your responses tell if you are reevaluating your values, and whether you are willing to act on your convictions.

The United States Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the right of two Wisconsin schoolboys to wear their

hair long. Most adults, as well as youth, want freedom of decision in this area. Since hairstyles change, as clothing styles do, a wide range of choices is desirable.

Personal freedom also includes making decisions about family jobs and routines, budgeting one's money, how many children one wants, sex, and morality.

Have you ever wondered how many subtle influences go into decision-making in these areas? Obviously we take into consideration the family members involved since one's life and decisions impinge on them. We take note of what we have learned in the past from parents, teachers, and ministers, from our own reading and study, from discussions with friends, from news media, and various other cultural influences.

We accept a certain tension between the values we have accepted and our freedom at the moment. When an issue comes up, we may rely on how our parents acted or thought, how we have seen others act, or how we feel right now about the matter.

We decide we will go to a certain movie; we are not interested in that book; we will seriously consider changing jobs; we will use a certain contraceptive; we will contribute to a certain cause; we will discuss a certain matter in the family; we will make plans for a particular weekend.

We have this authority. We have this freedom.

If we move from personal and family choice to the broader area of local church, school, community, and social affairs, our freedom of decision may seem more restricted. When we move outside home and family, we find ourselves deferring to a variety of influences and authorities.

For example:

- If school policy demands evidence of vaccination for our children, we comply. If skirt length is covered by school rules, we urge our children to accept them.
- If we take a trip across the Mexican border, we submit to questions of customs officials.
- If caught speeding or overtime-parking, we accept the officer's ticket and pay the required fine.
- If we attend an evening wedding, we dress as the social customs in our community dictate.
- If our church requires a minimum standard of Communion and contribution for a member "in good standing," we are careful to co-operate.
- If pressure methods are used at our place of employment to secure contributions to the United Fund, we probably go along and give what is expected.
- If we wish to vote in elections, we register, go to the assigned poll, follow the legal requirements.

These examples suggest that in areas of school policy, legal demands, employment pressures and practices, church regulations and social customs, we are likely to go along with what is already being practiced. Thus we recognize validity to customs and experts outside ourselves when we act in these areas.

But what if we do not feel comfortable with a specific situation? If we do not want to tolerate a certain policy on the job, we have the option of changing jobs. If we do not wish to contribute to the church building fund this year, we can give our money to a cause we feel more urgent.

We are free to change a pattern to indicate that our thinking has changed. Most of us at one time or another

have taken some sort of action to change a situation. Consider your own experience. Perhaps you felt that a traffic violation was handled unfairly. Maybe you protested an incident at your child's school in conferring with a teacher or the principal. Perhaps you made a proposal on a church committee which you wanted to influence. Or you contributed time or money to a local political campaign.

Whenever you respond to an opportunity to change something you are saying, "I have freedom to act, to speak, and to influence in this area. Power structures or customs can be changed. As a person of integrity I want to help change them."

On the other hand, you sometimes may have felt not free to influence or take action. In such a case you have submitted to a person, a city government, a parent, a teacher, to social pressure—to "the system." Thus you recognize an authority with power over your life.

To take a simple example, as a child you submitted to your parents' ideas on health matters. You got the medical checkup, took the shot or the medicine whether you liked it or not. Parents and doctors were authorities.

You may think of other times you have submitted in spite of your own opinion or judgment—when a companion wanted to do something you didn't; when you went along with a fashion in clothing, drinking, dancing, shaving; when you gave up waiting because a clerk refused to wait on you.

Sometimes you shift your judgment or opinion. You may talk with a person or read a news article with which you agree. If you discuss the issue with another person or read a different source, you may become confused. You wonder which slant or interpretation is more authoritative.

What you are doing is *deciding among authorities*. You are being selective.

The subject of authority today is vast and tangled. It concerns persons and structures, tradition and culture. You may acknowledge authority cheerfully, resentfully, or indifferently. You may go along out of ignorance, a lack of understanding, a lack of guts, a sense of duty, or a sense of guilt.

The Roman Catholic Church provides an example of multilevel authority conflict. In the past Catholics submitted to traditional teachings about worship and confession, birth control and celibacy, priestly discipline and doctrinal emphasis.

Now the individual Catholic, layman and priest, wants to listen to his own reasoning and conscience, to the discoveries of science, to his psychological needs. Because his own experience is real, he is skeptical of those who espouse outdated ideas as though they were final. Previously accepted authority is receding in its power to coerce or intimidate people, and individuals are thinking more for themselves.

More people are insisting on the right to participate in the decision-making that concerns their lives. Racial minorities, students, women, congressmen, lay churchmen are asking questions more freely than ever before. The question-asking is almost limitless.

Did our Presidents usurp congressional power or fulfill their executive responsibilities in the Indochina conflicts? Should a nation continue to sacrifice its sons in an undeclared war or should it pull out of Southeast Asia and leave people there to their fate? What recourse is avail-



able when a credibility gap develops between citizens and their government?

In church affairs, should elected representatives make far-reaching decisions concerning worship forms, moral and political questions, biblical interpretation? How else can church groups relate to current issues and needs? What if church members do not agree with a position taken by the majority of delegates to a church convention?

Authority—whether forced or implied—causes conflicts. Yet, we are too sophisticated, too free, to accept our own slavery. As conditions change about us and within us, we either decide to reevaluate, or we abdicate our freedom to be human.

Consumers have become more aware of who has the power. General Motors, with 1970 sales of nearly \$19 billion, has been under criticism for not being more responsive to social needs. Large industries have been challenged to stop polluting air and water.

Government agencies have been criticized for their misuse of power. Labor unions and news media, wielding enormous influence (another word for power), are under new scrutiny and pressure.

Colleges and universities have been shaken by threats to their traditional authority. They are being challenged to share administrative and board decisions with students and faculty.

In all institutions of our society, authority is being questioned, shared, rearranged, weakened, and redefined. In contrast, the responsibility of the person and the subgroup is being strengthened.

We respect our government, but there are areas where we feel compelled to object, insist on change, or ask for rethinking of a position. The U.S. Supreme Court decision granting conscientious objectors a broader basis for objection to war is one example of this sort of reconsideration. (In the other direction, however, the court refused to recognize the right to be a conscientious objector for a particular war.)

In the complex of social, moral, and economic issues, the reevaluation of authority is also in process. Patterns of racial discrimination which had been accepted as normative for years were disrupted when the practice of separate-but-equal schools was declared unconstitutional in 1954. This Supreme Court action led to a reevaluation of related issues: voting restrictions, public accommodations, housing discrimination, de facto segregation, minimum income.

Confrontation was necessary to force reconsideration of issues. For example, Coretta King's interpretation of the 1963 Birmingham confrontation is that President Kennedy at that point was opposed to "rocking the boat" and pushing for civil-rights causes. Nevertheless, Martin Luther King, Jr., decided to go ahead in leading black people in their demands for justice.

Thus, in Mrs. King's view, the authority of government was prodded, pushed, forced to a confrontation that might never have come if persons convinced of their need for justice had not insisted and put their lives on the line. As Jesus' parable of the insistent widow nagging for justice proved, sometimes a judge or other authority won't budge unless he is bothered enough.

In the field of religion the process of reevaluation is also going strong. While Catholics are discussing celibacy

and the rights of priests, nuns, and lay people, Lutherans are changing confirmation practices and admitting discussion about ordination of women. United Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and others are grappling with organizational structures and church union.

The whole Christian church is being forced to respond to questions about race, sex and marriage, about doctrinal formulations, about biblical interpretations. The conflict often boils down to an issue of freedom *versus* rigidity; individual conviction *versus* authority.

Never before has the individual been challenged to make up his own mind on so many subjects. Not since Copernicus has the question of freedom *versus* conformity been so dramatically posed before us. And unlike Galileo, who was forced to retract his endorsement of the Copernican system (that the sun rather than the earth is the center of the universe), we do not have to back down. Why should we deny what we know to be true because we are commanded?

There is no Inquisition today—though there is criticism of news media, of students who demonstrate and students who don't, and of all who differ from mainline liberals or conservatives. The media of the printed word and the televised message today fill the atmosphere with conflicting opinions and discussion of issues. Made in God's image, we are free to pick and choose. Indeed, we have to pick and choose because we ourselves are responsible for the one life God has given each of us.

We have to strike out from the position of conscience. Nor can we be carbon copies of each other. We are forced to tolerate differences among us. Even as the church tolerated Peter's views and Paul's views—which were sometimes different—the church and world today have to tolerate a diversity of authority, opinion, and interpretation. What is right for your life may not be right for mine. What is authoritative for one Christian may not be for another.

The Bible speaks through many people with many voices, many messages. There is no way it can be forced into one neat system. Even Jesus said, "And I have other sheep, that are not of this fold."

Perhaps this is the most difficult aspect of freedom and conscience—that out of our differing needs, our differing thought processes, our differing backgrounds and genes, we come up with differing answers. The lack of one comfortable answer to the tangled authority crisis is what makes it so disturbing and so difficult to accept one another.

Can we tolerate this sort of turbulence? This tension may be the price we pay for being human. □

# The Church and Hispanic-Americans

## How much is the church concerned?



The Rev. Joel N. Martinez

What are the special concerns of Spanish-speaking Americans as they look at the work of the church in their own community and their relation to the church-at-large? The Rev. Joel N. Martinez, pastor of Iglesia Metodista Unida Emmanuel (Emmanuel United Methodist Church) in El Paso, Texas, tells how the mission of the church is being carried out in the Hispanic community. Mr. Martinez was interviewed in El Paso by TOGETHER Editor Curtis A. Chambers.

**Let's begin by talking about the church in general and its ministry to Hispanic-American people. If we assume that the church has both succeeded and failed in various aspects of its Hispanic-American ministry, where do you feel the church has been the most effective?**

I think the church can be proud of some areas of its work. From the beginning it has been consistent in its attempt to involve indigenous leadership in its ministry. For example, the first Hispanic—a Mexican in this case—to preach the gospel to Spanish-speaking people in our Rio Grande Conference was ordained, or became a deacon, approximately 100 years ago. To me this really symbolizes the approach of the church from the very beginning.

This practice hasn't always been true in other denominations where they have done a lot of the work by utilizing leadership of Anglos (white Americans). Indigenous leadership has been one of the strong points characterizing our church and one reason we have a rather substantial Mexican-American Methodist leadership in our area.

Another strength is the flexibility of the United Methodist system in allowing men with different levels of academic preparation to enter the ministry and to serve as pastors. In The United Methodist Church at the present time we have several categories of ministers including the ordained elder "in full connection with an annual conference" (with high academic and professional requirements) and ranging all the way to the lay pastor who may have few aca-



demographic qualifications but yet be able to have an effective pastoral ministry among people who also have a limited educational background. Now this is significant to a minority group such as ours which, in Texas until recent years, had an average of something like five or six years of school.

Some other denominations have suffered because many Hispanic-American men wanting to enter their churches' ministry among their people have not been able to do so because of the stiff academic demands. The United Methodist Church has enabled many of our men from the ranks of our congregations who are close to our people to minister to them, even though they have not had the opportunity for advanced training.

### **What has been the role of The United Methodist Church in helping to provide a trained leadership among Hispanics?**

Early in its ministry among Spanish-speaking people, the church worked at the point of providing educational institutions to train indigenous leadership. I think this has been true all over the world, but among our people the development of schools has enabled many young men and women to become professionally trained for positions in the church as well as educated as laymen and laywomen. This educational program has given us a rather substantial group of leaders today.

### **What are some of the weaker spots of our church's ministry to Hispanic people? What attitudes of the Anglo-Saxon majority in the church limit the effectiveness of our work?**

This business of attitude really involves not only The United Methodist Church, but all Protestant denominations which have worked among Spanish-speaking people. One unfortunate attitude has been the idea that somehow the ethnic church would disappear. This idea was based on the assumption that ethnic churches (in our case, Hispanic) were ministering ineffectively because many of our congregations were small, only grew slowly, lacked adequate facilities, and in some cases had poorly trained leadership.

Thus the attitude of the Protestant establishment seemed to be that the ethnic church should somehow be phased out and that these people should become part of Anglo congregations and Anglo programs. Now, I think, we are seeing that these assumptions were bad. For one thing, I don't think the majority of white Protestants have ever fully understood what effective ministry might do for

the Hispanic people in the United States.

Another factor is that many of our congregations, although small and growing slowly, have been able to affect the largest communities. They have been able to provide leadership—lay and clergy—that has made a real difference in relationships between the Anglo and Hispanic people in many communities.

To measure the success or the value of a Hispanic-American congregation by the standards of an Anglo congregation is a bad mistake. It is not the same world at all.

Still another thing is that many of our best leaders, pastors and laymen—and we share this with Methodism as a whole—have come from small churches. Why? Because it is a congregation where more face-to-face relationships occur, where there is an intimate climate and fellowship. There is a quality of group life there that challenges the best within us. So this



business of judging a church by its size is a questionable standard for evaluating the effectiveness of congregational life.

### **Do you think that the church in general has other misconceptions or faulty judgments about its ministry to Hispanic-Americans?**

One serious hang-up in the Anglo's thinking is that Hispanic people shouldn't be preached to and prepared for membership in Protestant churches because they are really all Roman Catholics and such activity is proselyting. Well, this is a bad assumption, and it has been proven so by Catholics and Protestants alike.

**I have seen estimates that about 15 percent of the Hispanic-American**

**community in the United States are practicing Roman Catholics and that perhaps less than 5 percent are active Protestants. Thus about 80 percent would not be active in any church. Are such figures realistic?**

Yes, I imagine that that figure would hold true, especially in the larger American cities where most Hispanics are found. In the small communities I have a notion there might be a relationship to the church on the part of more of the people. But I think it would hold true generally that a very small percentage are related to the church. Perhaps 15 percent active Roman Catholics would be as good a figure as any. But the masses of the people are completely indifferent and some of the youth are hostile. We need to keep saying quite frankly that the great majority of Hispanic-Americans are not actively related to any church organization.

**Yet if you asked the 80 percent or so who are not actively identified with any church, would they likely answer that they think of themselves in some sense—however remote—as Roman Catholics?**

I suppose that most of them would identify themselves in some way as Roman Catholic. But not too many of them would use this as a rationale for not participating in Protestant worship or program if they wanted to. Many of these 70 or 80 percent who really don't participate in the life of the church are people who keep their church at home with a candle or something like that. So they may have religion in some fashion. But I think the fact that many of them identify themselves also as non-Catholic means they feel free to participate in Protestant services, programs, and church life whenever they desire.

I want to digress for a moment to point out something hardly realized by many Anglos. It is extremely difficult for a Hispanic person who comes out of a basically Roman Catholic milieu (even though he may not be part of the Catholic church) and out of a Hispanic cultural situation to become an active church-going Protestant. This means in many cases a separation and a social break with many of the people with whom he has been living.

This is one of the reasons it is very hard for us to bring Hispanic people into the care and work of the local church. It means a cultural and a social break, and sometimes even a language break because many of our people have been led to believe that they need to become Anglicized. This is one of the reasons, you see, that



many Anglo friends have sometimes become frustrated and have felt that the Hispanic-American church really isn't growing like it should and, therefore, decided not to support it. Yet our Anglo friends have many times wanted to dictate policy and to determine the appointment of specific ministers to certain congregations based on the fact that they are giving financial support. Well, I think this is the epitome of paternalism in refusing to let us perform our own ministry.

**You said earlier that The United Methodist Church has been effective by allowing a certain amount of flexibility in requirements of its pastors and because of its concern for**

Missions began determining policy and strategy for our annual conference. We were not given self-determination even at that level.

**How are Hispanic-American churchmen now evidencing their concern for self-determination in what they feel to be their distinctive mission for today?**

One of the concerns the larger church must hear clearly is that our people want more of a role in determining and in affecting what happens to us as we work with Hispanic-Americans. This is self-determination in terms of the kinds of strategies, the kinds of programs, that need to be carried out. But I think this also has to do with the matter of how open The United Methodist Church is to Hispanic churchmen. For example, we feel very strongly that more of our laymen and pastors ought to have membership on general boards and agencies.

Now something of what I say here will be for effect, but some of it I think is real. We are in a stage right now (the blacks are there also, but they got there well before we did) where we must say to the church at large, "Let us do our own thing. Keep the pressure off of us so that we can develop our own style of ministry and feel free to discover what we really need to do to reach our own people." As with the black church, our crucial struggle now is not to become acceptable to the white church but rather to discover how to relate effectively to our own Hispanic people.

Another issue relates directly to the episcopacy. How open is The United Methodist Church to the Hispanic people within it when it has never opened up the episcopacy to someone from the Hispanic ranks? Most of us would feel that until this happens The United Methodist Church is not really open to the Hispanic constituency. We don't have a man to sit with the other bishops to provide the kind of input that only can come from within the Hispanic-American experience. I don't think The United Methodist Church can represent an inclusive spirit to Hispanics until this happens. I voice this concern for Hispanics all over the country.

It should be clear to the Jurisdictional Conference that the Hispanic community of Methodists should decide who their episcopal candidate should be.

**We hear a great deal about celebration in the life of the church today, more free expression of joy in worship. Do you sense the same kind of feeling in the Hispanic church?**

Yes, I feel that our church has suffered somewhat from the rather rigid forms of worship which we have imposed on ourselves. I think there is a response now by both youth and adults to a kind of worship experience that lets the emotions run freer. They want less structure and more informality. This is one of the real things our people enjoy about coming to our churches. Generally speaking, we have been freer in our worship services than Anglo congregations. People who belong to Anglo churches and come to visit us sense this also. This freedom in worship is a strong factor influencing Hispanic people to stay in Hispanic churches.

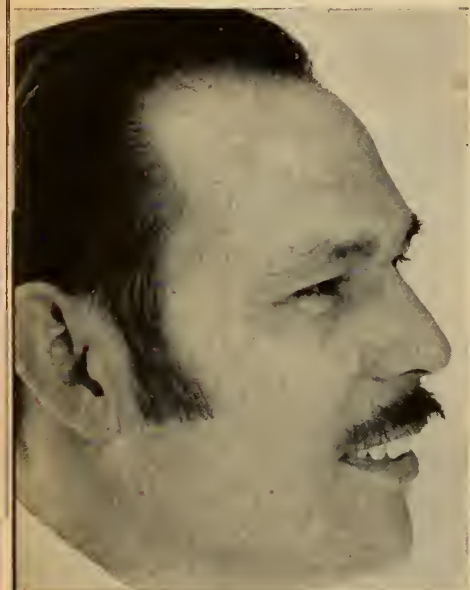
**I have heard from many sources that Pentecostal churches constitute the fastest growing religious movement among Spanish-speaking people in North America as well as in Central and South America. If this is true, does it say anything to The United Methodist Church concerning its ministry with Hispanics?**

This poses a real question for us as United Methodists as well as for other Protestant groups working with the Spanish-speaking people. The Pentecostals seem to be the only church group that is significantly penetrating the lower economic classes and the migrant group which, incidentally, is the largest group among the Hispanics in this part of the country. Pentecostals are the only ones who seem to be reaching these groups in terms of establishing Christian communities in the congregational setting. This poses a real question to us because our United Methodist Church is committed to the establishment of the congregation in mission. It is committed to the preaching of the gospel and to the nurturing of Christians in community.

If we are not able to penetrate this group which is the most numerous group, then we should resign from the Christian enterprise. We cannot continue really to be the church in mission unless we undergird and strengthen the congregational life and mission among Hispanic people. I feel this very strongly. If we don't give attention to this, I think that ministry among Hispanic-Americans by Hispanic-Americans will disappear.

**Why do you feel the Pentecostal movement has been successful?**

Well, others have said it has been



**indigenous leadership development. Now you seem to be saying that the church has hampered its ministry among Hispanic-Americans by paternalistic attitudes.**

For many years the mission agencies of all denominations dealt with our people very paternalistically by making decisions for us and by interpreting growth and development by Anglo standards. Therefore, the church came up with conclusions that were biased for us.

For example, until 1965 our Rio Grande Annual Conference in its relationship to the National Division of the Board of Missions really had very little to say about how the resources from that division were to be used in our area. The decisions basically were made in New York or Philadelphia. This was in terms of church extension, salary support, program development, and the like. It was not until six years ago that our conference Board of

the ability of the Pentecostal groups to identify with the masses of our people in terms of their styles of life, the kind of music they use, their style of worship in general, their informality. For example, unlike mainline denominations, the Pentecostals are not very conscious of time in their services. This is one indication that they are pretty freewheeling in their worship.

Much of their leadership is what we would classify as lay leadership. It comes from the ranks and assumes some kind of authority but yet remains close to the people because these leaders have not been separated from the people by a long stint of academic training. The Pentecostals have a sense that the church belongs to their people. They have a congregational system—groups are pretty much independent to do their ministry as they see it. I think among these factors is their feeling, "It is our own thing, our church, our building."

**Do you feel that the United Methodist connectional system restricts ministry in the Hispanic community? Does it limit the freedom you feel you need to adapt to local situations and to the Hispanic culture?**

If I might give an illustration: I remember when I was a student in the early 1960s we had a congregation of about 50 persons. The district superintendent insisted that every Methodist church must be organized and every Methodist church ought to have the minimum number of commission chairmen and all committees required by the *Discipline*. Since many of our churches are small congregations with people who in many instances have very little formal education, I think this disciplinary demand for full structural organization at the local level has gotten in the way of doing the task.

I think under the present structure of the church they're saying, at least in principle, that we want ministry to be local and to be designed locally as much as possible. Yet our people were trained under the older system, and they have stuck to it with all its difficulties and haven't really understood we now are more free to design and to carry on our own program.

**Is there a generation gap in the Hispanic-American community? If so, is this seen in the church and what are its implications?**

Yes, I think we do have a generation conflict just as in all society. Yet I would think it is less severe and maybe less visible than in other groups. This is because our Hispanic-

American families are pretty tightly knit. The roles of mother and father are a little more sharply defined. The responsibilities of children to their parents are more strictly laid out so that there is a basic closeness (almost an ingrownness) of the Spanish family, and we have not seen the rift between generations as much. In fact, it has been said that one of the problems in organizing the Hispanic community is that the Hispanic people are not easily able to organize beyond the family into larger groupings because of the strength of the family.

Our youth by and large are participants in the total youth culture that is a sort of subculture of the total society. Their aspirations are quite similar to the aspirations of other youth. In the church I think they would generally argue for more openness toward more freedom and experimental forms of worship experiences. They would tend to demand that the church should work more among the underprivileged and the poor instead of investing so much time and energy in traditional programs and maintenance. I think they would very strongly want more numerical participation in the decision-making processes of the local church. They are saying that even though young people are being given more of an opportunity under the new system, it is still not enough.

In many cases we are losing out with our young adults and graduates from high school, which also is a problem generally. Yet because of strong family ties some of our youth still participate somewhat. But they also represent the young adults who feel the church is not sufficiently acting and participating in the life of the dispossessed and the disadvantaged. I think they are judging us rightly.

**What do you think the church's attitude should be toward movements which are concerned about the empowerment of the Hispanic community?**

I think that these groups are standing for the majority of our people who are basically powerless, economically and socially—lacking ability to influence the policies which regulate their lives. The church needs to relate to these groups, recognizing always that in some sense the Christian church must also stand apart from them.

Nevertheless, as Christians we need to commit ourselves to relationships and some forms of co-operation with such groups. Sometimes our congregations may find it very difficult to understand how the work of God's Spirit occurs in these groups as it

does in the church. But we need to see that God is at work today in movements outside the church which speak for the freedoms and the rights of persons.

Our Hispanic congregations are, of course, committed to nonviolence. Yet they realize that in certain instances violence against minorities has occurred and that violence often begets violence. The churches are working to see that violence does not occur and this, along with the advancement of justice, is one reason that churches should relate to the so-called militant empowerment groups.

**How do you, and other United Methodists who are Hispanic, view the future of the Hispanic church?**

An organization called MARCHA, (Methodists Associated Representing the Cause of Hispanic-Americans) is bringing together Hispanic people from all over America to look at our mission, to identify the needs of Hispanic people, and to develop strategies to fulfill our ministry. This includes persons with backgrounds from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and all Spanish-speaking groups.

We are concerned that The United Methodist Church must not let the mission of the church to Hispanic people disappear through lack of resources, lack of leadership, and failure of general support. We have to face up to the fact that at present our churches are not reaching the masses of our own people. We are in danger of being cut off from the masses by the temptation to accommodate our churches to the Anglo culture. The real issue for us in the Hispanic church is how to relate effectively to our own people.

The United Methodist Church urgently needs to continue its ministry to Hispanic-Americans, the second largest minority group in the United States. Unless it acts to strengthen our ministry today we may not have a role 20 years from now. We are very hopeful that the church will respond with the kind of support that will strengthen our Hispanic-American ministry now. □



## Women's Lib:

# Off the Streets, Into the Pews

By MARJORIE HYER

THE WOMEN, 35 or 50 of them, are seated in a circle in the church parlor. They are mostly middle aged; their conservative sweater-and-skirt garb and occasional pantsuits bespeak their suburban milieu. The room is quiet as the neatly coiffed heads are bent in serious concentration over yellow mimeographed sheets.

"A woman by nature, compared to a man, is more devious and hostile," reads the first assertion on the paper's true-false section. "A married woman can wear her skirts as short as her husband allows." "A woman must have children to be fulfilled." The paper directs the women to comment on these and similar statements.

The exercises delve deeper and grow more threatening to the ideas and concepts by which the women have lived most of their lives. "What does the church tell a woman she is?" "A woman really is \_\_\_\_\_."

What's going on in this orderly gathering of neatly dressed suburban housewives is the beginning of a consciousness-raising session on Women's Liberation, conducted by the interdenominational Church Women United. The women have kissed their bewildered families good-bye and gone off to spend a weekend together trying to figure out who they are as women and as human beings, apart from their roles as wives and mothers. They will dredge up their experiences and feelings to discover for themselves what has been the effect of the stereotypes that our culture imposes on both men and women. They will explore ways to break through those stereotypes—for themselves, for other women, for their husbands and for their children. And when the weekend is over and they've gone back to sorting the laundry and fixing their husbands' favorite desserts, not a few of them will write back to the leaders who guided the sessions that the experience "changed my whole life."

So, if you thought that Women's Lib was the exclusive property of a bunch of raucous, man-hating, sexually hung-up females who go around burning undergarments and screaming four-letter obscenities, you can see how wrong you were.

Even if you believe that Women's Liberation is all right for gals who work—equal pay for equal work and all that—but you think no happily married woman raising a family has need of it, you still have a lot of work to do in catching up with what's going on.

### The Church: In No Hurry

The real objectives of Women's Lib—the freeing of both men and women from culturally imposed stereotypes that bar them from becoming fully human—is a growing concern of women from many backgrounds and for an increasing number of men as well.

For the most part the church has been in no great hurry to plunge into this movement. For one thing,

*Theresa Hoover, associate general secretary of United Methodism's Board of Missions, evokes uneasy smiles when she speaks of "She who created me."*





church people tend to get hung up on those four-letter words that some of the more raucous advocates of the movement seem to favor. (If the movement appeared to be captured initially by an exhibitionist fringe, at least part of the blame can go to the male-dominated mass-communications industry.)

In some denominations, women have been struggling for years for their right to be ordained. Of the more than 230 member-churches in the World Council of Churches, only 72 now ordain women.

United Methodists are among the denominations which do ordain women. But what these denominations do with women after they are ordained is another matter. Rarely, if ever, does the ordained woman have equal status with her male counterpart. Consider the testimony of the Rev. Miriam Eckard, an American Baptist clergywoman. She told a denominational symposium on the status of women in the church that she received job offers only from churches that could not afford men; that often she was rejected in favor of men with less experience and training than she had. Ordained women, said Miss Eckard, end up as directors of Christian education whether they have had training for this or not. As such they rarely participate in real decision-making in the church.

The Rev. Elsie Gibson of the United Church of Christ concludes in her book *When the Minister Is a Woman* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95) that for women seeking a pastoral ministry "their sex is a liability. Not only does initial placement take longer, but moving is more difficult for them."

Dr. John C. Bennett, recently retired president of Union Theological Seminary, said: "I think it's a scandal the way women are treated by the church. I always feel so sorry for our students. It seems the women are often more thorough in their work—they're very devoted. And yet they always seem to end up in second-class positions. They can't really be themselves fully, vocationally."

Dr. Cynthia Wedel, National Council of Churches president, has observed, "I have yet to hear of a woman holding a permanent post as minister in a good-sized parish which could afford to hire a man."

### Turning Point in Detroit

Women's Liberation in a larger sense surfaced as a serious concern of the church at the tumultuous session of the National Council of Churches General Assembly in Detroit in 1969, at which Dr. Wedel was elected president. United Methodist delegate Peggy Billings, in quiet contrast to much that preceded her, took the rostrum to voice the concerns of the ad hoc women's caucus. While women throughout the room stood in silent support, Miss Billings, who is with the Women's Division of the Board of Missions, ticked off statistics of discrimination against women in the church and society: working women earn only 60¢ for every dollar earned by a man; women in both church and society rarely occupy decision-making or policy-making positions; only 12 percent of the 786 delegates to the NCC General Assembly were women even though women comprise well over half the membership of churches.

Referring to the assembly's planning for the future, she told the delegates, "You cannot seriously undertake the quest for meaning and wholeness called for in the *Mis-*



*Peggy Billings, social-action executive in the United Methodist Board of Missions, led the movement for more minority representation (including women) on the National Council of Churches' board.*

sion in the '70s report unless you are willing to deal with the role of women." She linked the goal of Women's Liberation with that of racial minorities and appealed for more of these people and fewer over-40, male, white clergy on the NCC's General Board.

Two days later the nominating committee brought in a slate that totally ignored such appeals. Delegates not only rejected the report but dismissed the nominating committee and named a new one, headed by Miss Theresa Hoover of the United Methodist Board of Missions Women's Division. The new committee was directed to take seriously what had happened at the meeting. Women's and minority-group members were in the revised and subsequently elected list of nominees.

### Many Women Unconvinced

Ordination and representation on official bodies, important though they are, involve only a few. The broader objectives of Women's Lib are for everyone. But one problem church women's leaders still have is convincing the majority of women that this is so. "Women are in large measure unconvinced of the need for their own liberation," said Miss Hoover. "For so long women bought the myth of 'inability,' the need to be 'protected,' and the fear of being thought 'manly.'"

"We're not trying to turn you off from your husbands," Miss Hoover insisted recently to a group of women. Nor

would Women's Lib have its followers turn themselves into masculine competitors-with-men. "I have absolutely no intention of negating my feminine self," asserted Miss Hoover. "To do this is to destroy what God created. I have no more intention of negating my feminine self than I have of negating my black self. But in neither of those selves will I let another person or society determine what that self shall be. I determine that—as God helps me understand myself in relation to him—he who created me." Then an impish grin broke across Miss Hoover's face and she could not resist adding ". . . or She who created me."

For the ecclesiastical arm of Women's Lib there are some troublesome theological problems. A patriarchal concept of God is one; St. Paul's views on women is another. It is worth noting that the Scriptures reflect the cultural attitudes of an earlier era. They were recorded by males and have been interpreted over the centuries by males who were also the products of their male-dominant cultures. There is every reason to believe, some theologians now are saying, that contemporary Christians may come to understand St. Paul's shut-up-and-obey-your-husbands stance on womanhood to be as irreconcilable with the heart of the gospel as is his unquestioning acceptance of human slavery.

On these troublesome Pauline questions a woman's best friend is Harvard theologian Krister Stendahl, who got into this arena several years ago during the Church of Sweden's hassle over ordaining women. In his book *The Bible and the Role of Women* (Fortress, \$1, paperback), he points to Galatians 3:26-29 as the key: "For in Christ Jesus . . . There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is no male and female . . ." is the way he translates it from the Greek. Through Christ, he explains, the primary division of God's creation is overcome.

### What Do Children Learn?

While theologians wrestle with such questions, other church leaders tackle Women's Liberation on other fronts. A group of women in the New York Conference of The United Methodist Church began looking at what boys and girls are learning in church school. What they found was not very reassuring. The study, made by Miriam Crist and Tilda Norberg, concentrated on nursery material published by United Methodism's Board of Education. Their conclusions: "Men and boys were generally shown as active, brave, useful, shaping their environment, and happy in their world. Women and girls were portrayed as passive, powerless, waiting, needing help, watching the action, and often unhappy. In addition the traditional roles of mother and father were reinforced almost without exception, men and women were stereotyped occupationally, and it was clear that little girls are expected to follow in their mother's traditional footsteps."

Mothers moved through the pages of nursery-school storybooks, cleaning, washing, baking, marketing, and comforting unhappy children. Of 25 mothers, only one was portrayed as a worker outside the home. Yet statistically, nearly 40 percent of the American work force is made up of women.

The 22 fathers that appeared in the material spent their days working, traveling occasionally but always coming home at night. Fathers were portrayed as people

who fix things and who protect the family. But they never do housework, not even on Sunday.

Little boys romped through the stories achieving, learning, having fun, and self-confidently making friends. Little girls, on the other hand, were portrayed as fearful, timid, constantly in need of help. In one story three children find a turtle. Brad and Tom pick it up and play with it with great gusto, but poor Wendy squeals in fright when it touches her leg. Two other stories went thus:

"Clink clink. Brad put his money in the basket on the beauty center. The teacher helped Wendy open her purse so she could get her money out."

"The farmer gave the children a special treat. He let each one of them pick a pumpkin, any one they liked. Brian pulled his from the vine all by himself. Missy needed the teacher to help with hers."

The Crist-Norberg report notes: "Even in the nursery, girls are being taught to wait until someone gives them attention, rather than going after what they want. Later they will be taught to wait for boyfriends, for dates, for marriage proposals, for husbands to come home from work, and so forth. A person who is waiting for something to happen to her is dependent on the actions of others . . . a victim rather than a shaper of her environment."

As the twig is bent. . . . The little girl, thus conditioned by both church and culture, grows up, marries, has a family. By day she battles ring-around-the-collar and hidden odors and diligently proves her lovin' with some-thin' from the oven. But by night she sighs and ponders, "There must be more to life than this." This is the stuff that Women's Liberation is made of.

Most women who come to Church Women United's workshops on Women's Lib are middle aged "empty nesters" whose reason for being seems to have evaporated when the children grew up and left home. It should be stressed that most of the women, in the view of those who have led the workshops, have stable, happy marriages. They are not the embittered man-haters of the headlines. According to everything they have been taught, they have everything a woman could want—home, security, husband, children.

And that is the problem: they have their existence only in relation to others. They know they are wives and mothers, but are they persons?

One participant told of attending her college reunion. When the time came for the visiting alumnae to report on what they had done since graduation, only two women mentioned their own personal achievements. All the rest gave glowing accounts of what their husbands had done.

And so Women's Liberation is reaching into the pews, specifically into that part of the congregation which provides from 35 to 40 percent of the money for church work. The movement already has brought some changes in the churches and unquestionably will bring many more.

Yet probably more significant is what it will mean in the lives of women. For the younger women, hopefully, it will bring the opportunity for living fuller, freer lives. For the older women, whose life-styles are pretty well set, the changes will be less dramatic. But in the words of Dr. Nelle Morton, now retired from the faculty of Drew Theological School and a leader in the Women's Lib workshops of Church Women United, their involvement affords them the chance "to participate in some sort of work that will help bring a better day for all women." □



## World Methodist Council: Restructure in the Making

### THREE ORGANIZATIONS ELECT, SEAT PRESIDENTS

Three of United Methodism's leading general organizations recently elected or seated new presiding officers.

Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., of Columbia, S.C., was installed as president of the Council of Bishops. He will serve a one-year term as successor to Bishop John Wesley of Washington, D.C.

Selected president-designate to the office in April, 1972, was Bishop O. Eugene Slater of San Antonio, Texas.



Bishop Hardin



Bishop Slater



Dr. Burgess



Dr. Yeakel

New president of the Council of Secretaries is Dr. Roger Burgess. The general secretary of the Board of Faith and Welfare Ministries in Evanston, Ill., succeeds Dr. Claire Hoyt, general secretary of the Board of Pensions, also in Evanston. New president of the Continuing Coordinating Committee is Dr. Joseph H. Yeakel. The general secretary of the Board of Evangelism in Nashville, Tenn., succeeds the previous board's Dr. Hoyt.

Restructure will be the most important item on the agenda when the World Methodist Council (WMC) meets August 18-26 in Denver.

So says one man who should know—Dr. Charles C. Parlin, WMC president. Interestingly, Dr. Parlin may become the last one-person president of this world council of Wesleyan-tradition churches. One portion of the plan for restructure calls for a presidium with eight presidents, similar to the World Council of Churches, which has six. (Dr. Parlin served as one of the six until recently.)

Registrations are pounding in for Denver, Dr. Parlin said only a few weeks before opening. He predicted that more than the 6,000 earlier-expected delegates will attend. He made no effort to mask his excitement as he told over the long distance connection who some of the delegates will be.

"For example," said the highly successful, much-decorated New York lawyer, "the United Church of Japan, which had withdrawn its membership, has asked for reinstatement and is sending two delegates.

"The Church of South India, which has never had any relations with the World Methodist Council and, in fact, voted not to, has reversed itself and is sending a representative. This is their first since the church was organized in the 1940s."

Dr. Parlin added that the new (1970) Church of North India will decide at a meeting soon whether to send delegates to Denver, and he forecast that it will do so in light of the South India Church's decision.

Asked if this indicated more participation by third-world Methodists, Dr. Parlin said, "Yes, definitely."

Principal ways in which the World Methodist Council which comes out of Denver will differ from the council which goes in are these, said Dr. Parlin:

1. Breakaway from the old concept of the council as a British-American Methodist alliance.
2. Broad representation from younger churches.
3. British Methodism and The United Methodist Church in minority positions.
4. Presidium instead of a single president.

5. A council of not more than 500 persons to meet at least once in five years.

6. An executive committee of about 90 to meet as often as annually.

Dr. Parlin credits the late D. T. Niles of Ceylon with authoring the restructure plan and he acknowledges that the council will continue primarily as a fellowship of churches in the Wesleyan tradition. But he becomes more enthused when he describes one function which he thinks the new council can carry out.

"Internationalizing of missionaries is the name," he explains. "I think the proposal will be made in Denver that we not try to finalize any plan but that we call a conference of member churches and their missions representatives and see if they want to work out some sort of plan of internationalizing."

Dr. Parlin explained that this would involve transfer of missionaries from country to country, continent to continent, on a partnership basis and no longer on a sending-receiving basis.

A common fund would be administered by the WMC, as he sees it, to finance this interchange of missionaries. United Methodists would be principal financial contributors to the fund, he adds, but again British and American Methodists would be minority members.

The New York attorney said early 1972 would probably be the soonest possible date for the conference proposed to consider the internationalizing plan. Where would it be held? "Out of this country, I would hope," he answered.

He said he believes that Board of Missions' officials, with whom he has discussed the proposal, agree that internationalizing is a step which world Methodists can take "in an effort," as he put it, "to overcome a growing feeling against what is called Western imperialism."

No one can say, he admitted, that the internationalizing plan will work. But he claimed that the status quo is unsatisfactory. He has assurance of co-operation from the Board of Missions, informal assurance of funds from the Council on World Service and Finance, and increasing world sentiment moving with him. He sounds like a man accustomed to winning.

—John A. Lovelace



## CHURCH LEADERS PRESS PEACEMAKING EFFORTS

Church leaders are assuming an active peacemaker role by going to the Paris peace talks, sending letters to congressmen, fasting against the war, and calling for denominational peace emphases.

One appeal for a denomination-wide peace emphasis during 1972-76 came from the United Methodist Council of Bishops. The council tentatively approved a document on peace which will be refined and presented to the 1972 General Conference for denominational approval.

The document states that "the attainment of peace requires efforts against the enemies of peace . . . blind self-interest, racism, economic exploitation, population explosion, poverty and hunger, nation worship, and continued reliance on military violence and the arms race. . .

"Peace is a package deal. Its realization cannot be achieved apart from theological, ethical, and practical sources," the document concludes. "Unless the most powerful and responsible members of the human family are willing to deal with root causes of war, running the essential risks and making the necessary sacrifices, man will destroy himself."

Returning from the heart of Viet Nam peace negotiations in Paris, 50 U.S. Protestant church leaders appealed to the U.S. government to "run the essential risk" and take the first step to end the Viet Nam war.

The churchmen from nine denominations spent one week in Paris observing and conferring with leaders of all delegations involved in negotiations. In a joint statement the U.S. churchmen called for President Nixon and Congress to "declare immediately their pledge to withdraw unconditionally all U.S. military forces from Indochina in the immediate future."

"It's not enough to just withdraw troops," observed one participant, the Rev. C. Ebb Munden, pastor of First United Methodist Church in Lincoln, Nebr. "While we've been withdrawing forces, the war has grown in intensity and scope. We must stop the killing."

Another participant, Miss Doris Handy, national vice-president of the Women's Division of the Board of Missions, expressed the visitors' concern over unwillingness of American officials in Paris to take the first step. "Of course, other



*Fifteen bemedaled Boy Scouts and one woman? What gives? The boys are all winners of Scouting's coveted God and Country award and the woman is their minister-counselor, the Rev. Mary Lou Branscum of First United Methodist Church, Bartlesville, Okla. The graduate of Perkins School of Theology in Dallas, Texas, came to the Oklahoma church in June, 1970, and in less than a year guided 12 members of her Scout class and three transfer Scouts through the demanding program.*

parties won't give either," she said, "but the U.S. is the only country participating in the talks that communicates with all parties involved."

Back in the states, Miss Handy and another Paris visitor, United Methodist Mrs. E. M. Decker, Jr., of Jacksonville, Texas, pursued their peace endeavors with the Board of Missions. They successfully proposed that the board support "Set the Date Now," an interreligious campaign to end the war by December 31.

Also at the board meeting was a member who came there from three days in Washington, D.C., observing antiwar demonstrations. He told the board that the young protestors' concern for human dignity and peace was "very similar to things we believe as a Board of Missions."

"They are very much like my children and yours," continued Dr. Leigh M. Roberts, professor of psychiatry at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and father of four. "They are smart, well informed, articulate, and extremely idealistic." He said he appreciated their willingness to risk themselves in their effort to end the war.

## 'OLD' WAR MONEY GIVEN, 'NOW' WAR RELIEF AIDED

While two units of the United Methodist Board of Missions recently decided what to do with funds received as a result of a long-settled war, another unit allocated other money for a war still very much unsettled.

The board's World and Women's Divisions designated recipients. \$1.2 million received last year from the federal government for damage suffered by U.S. church agencies in Japan and Germany during World War II. Recipients are missions program in Africa, World Council of Churches economic development program, and domestic projects in peace, justice and education for economic development.

The United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, in one of its regular periodic disbursements, voted \$75,000 for Vietnam Christian Service as part of a \$430,000 total.



# Irish Church: Hope Out of Riots

Modern Ireland has a reputation for no great unity among its various religious divisions. Its tripartite splits among Anglicans, Methodists, and Presbyterians are bogged down in intellectual discussions that carry no theological weight and indeed seem to be creating an atmosphere that will not be conducive to Christian unity.

It has surprised many Irish Christians, therefore, that a Roman Catholic priest has been working in the Central Mission of the Methodist Church in Dublin as part of his training and that the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Irish Council of Churches have agreed to a joint working group to sort out many of Ireland's controversial social problems such as housing, employment, and the ever-present problem of alcohol.

What has brought about these changes in a country where religion has been the dominant factor in ecumenism virtually untried?

Ironically, it is the state of unrest that almost civil war in the streets of the capital city of Belfast and the famous walled city of Londonderry that has brought about the newfound co-operation.

Ensuring that all communication between them could be cut off if the unrest became worse, leaders of the Council of churches and the Roman Catholic cardinal made a determined attempt to salvage what was left of community and interdenominational relations and approved the joint working group.

About that same time Ireland's most experienced Roman Catholic ecumenist—Jesuit philosopher and author Michael Hurley—was sounding out the possibilities of an Irish school of ecumenical studies that would serve as an international undergraduate school, part of which would be in the difficult field of practical training in a different denomination than the student's own. Last months have seen the birth of both these ventures against the backdrop of continued street violence in Protestant and Catholic areas of Belfast and a move to the right in Irish politics. This has not made it easy for the reconciliation, understanding, and progress envisaged by church leaders like Eric Macagher of the Methodist Church or Cardinal Conway.

Priests and pastors serving in predominantly conservative areas have played it safe by agreeing to work in their congregations and not

taking the calculated risk of being progressive. Many who risked progressivism have eventually resigned, and a number of them are serving congregations in England.

Michael Hurley's Irish School of Ecumenics has, however, put a temporary stop to victimization. Protestants are thinking for the first time that Roman Catholics are not all products of the devil. That priests and pastors are serving in other denominations has suggested that tensions which inevitably arise will be lessened considerably.

Pastors and priests are also learning that something is happening on their own doorstep which a few years ago was a dream. The program of the School of Ecumenics is directed in various ways by a teaching staff drawn from the main Christian traditions and international as well as interdenominational.

The school's motto—"May it flourish in order to perish" (*florere ut pereat*)—and its emblem—an ear of wheat—indicate the school's missionary ethos and orientation. It exists not to perpetuate ecumenism but to bring the whole ecumenical movement to an end by creation of one church united in mission. The school has given a fresh impetus to ecumenical relations in Ireland to the extent that Protestant-Catholic weekends are becoming a feature of joint study and debate.

Ecumenical studies are to become part of ministerial training which should lead to a better understanding and closer working relations between congregations that have in the main thought of themselves as competitors.

What is not yet evident is the possible impact the school and its radii will have on Irish politics which have been dominated by fear, hatred, and bigotry. But there is no doubt in the minds of the school's founders that a more understanding Irish church will go a long way in providing a new political platform that will lead to reconciliation and that the New Testament idea that "we are all one in Christ" will have a much better chance of becoming a reality in this country known by its legends as "the land of saints and scholars."

—Wilbert Forker

Mr. Forker, a minister of the Methodist Church in Ireland, is senior press officer with the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland.

## TOGETHER PHOTOGRAPHY WINS NATIONAL AWARD

The Associated Church Press (ACP) has presented its highest award for a general church magazine's use of photography to TOGETHER.

The United Methodist magazine won in annual competition against 75 other periodicals in the press association's largest field of entries.

A citation from the three judges said of the winning entry, "Its outstanding use of photography, both color and black and white, stands as an example of integrating the visual and the textual."

TOGETHER also won an honorable mention for general excellence.

Several other United Methodist publications were among ACP winners.

*new/World Outlook*, published by the Board of Missions and one of 21 missions journals entered, won an award of merit (top award) for general excellence, another for editorial advocacy, and an honorable mention for use of photography.

*Face to Face*, a youth publication from the Board of Education, won an award of merit for general excellence.

Among regional news journals the *South Carolina United Methodist* won an award for best reportage, and the *Texas Methodist* received an honorable mention.

## CENTURY CLUB

For the first time since March, 1970, the men outnumber the women in our monthly Century Club listings.

Lloyd Hardaway, 100, Carthage, Mo.

A. E. Hendrixson, 100, Felicity, Ohio.

Mrs. Minna Sinske, 100, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Felix G. Wardlow, 100, Montgomery, La.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location where a member.

## LEADER EYES EXCEEDING OF RECONCILIATION GOAL

Latest reports on United Methodist general finances include an openly optimistic forecast for the Fund for Reconciliation and a possible four-year total of \$40 million for minority-group empowerment and self-determination.

Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston has forecast that the denomination will oversubscribe the \$20 million Fund for Reconciliation (FFR) by the end of 1972. He is chairman of the Quadrennial (1968-72) Emphasis Committee whose responsibility includes the reconciliation fund.

Both Bishop Mathews' committee and the Council of Bishops have designated Thanksgiving Sunday, 1971 (November 21), for a new denomination-wide emphasis on the FFR. This was timed, in part, to tie in with the national television and radio Campaign for Human Development Fund sponsored by the U.S. Roman Catholic bishops. Officials of the Catholic campaign, whose materials mention no fund by name, have offered open access to these materials to the United Methodist committee.

The committee, at what was probably its final meeting before the 1972 General Conference, focused on bringing in the approximately \$7 million which has been pledged but not paid—pledges run through 1972—and on securing additional \$3.5 million in pledges to reach the \$20 million goal.

Major programs financed out of the Fund for Reconciliation are rehabilitation in South Viet Nam, \$2 million; and United Methodist Voluntary Service, \$1.5 million.

If all money expected to be paid into FFR is included, United Methodists by the end of 1972 will have made available more than \$40 million for minority-group empowerment and self-determination. That projection was made recently by the denomination's general treasurer, Dr. R. Bryan Brawner.

Dr. Brawner said that conservative computations show that some \$27 million in such monies were paid by United Methodists from 1968 through 1970. Largest sum was nearly \$16 million to help black persons. Other major amounts were \$4.4 million for Hispanic-Americans, \$2.4 million for American Indians, \$2 million for Puerto Ricans, and \$740,000 for Asian-Americans.

Dr. Brawner also reported that about 75 percent of all church ex-

penditures go for program and mission at local levels. Using a \$75 per capita contribution as an example, he said that in 1970 this would have meant \$18 for capital improvement, \$22 for local current expenses, \$21 for pastors' salaries and other ministerial support, \$1 for connectional ministries, and \$11 for benevolences.

## United Methodists in the News

First Japanese-American elected mayor of a major U.S. city is **Norman Y. Mineta** of San Jose, Calif., a member of Wesley United Methodist Church in that city.

**Alice E. Ball**, United Methodist lay woman, was named executive secretary of the American Bible Society's new department of women's work. She is the society's first woman executive secretary.

Three United Methodists were among recipients of creative communications awards presented to members of the Religious Public Relations Council for outstanding efforts in public relations fields in 1970. Awards went to **Bella Jarrett**, assistant editor of *response*, published by the Board of Missions' Women's Division; and to Mrs. **Hilda Lee Dail**, formerly of the Board of Missions, and the Rev. **Earl K. Wood** of the Program Council who were tied in the visual presentation category.

New president of United Methodist-related Pfeiffer College in Misenheimer, N.C., is Dr. **Douglas Reid Sasser**, until July 15 president of United Methodist-related Young Harris College in Georgia.

Mrs. **Carolyn Wilhelm**, secretary for racial justice in the Board of Missions' Women's Division, has been elected national secretary of Project Equality, an interreligious fair-employment program.

Two United Methodists with several years experience in higher education for women in Korea were honored by the government of the Republic of Korea. Mrs. **W. Earl Ledden**, Washington, D.C., and Miss **Margaret Billingsley**, Scottsdale, Ariz., have been related to Ewha Womans University in Korea for more than 25 years and continue on the board of Ewha International Foundation.

Bishop **James S. Thomas** of the Iowa Area was one of nine persons to receive a national Partners-in-4-H honor for his support of 4-H extension work.

## IFCO EXECUTIVE CITES FINANCIAL TROUBLES

The Interreligious Foundation Community Organization (IFCO), which The United Methodist Church has given more than \$600,000 help empower minority groups, is in financial difficulty.

The Rev. Lucius Walker, IFCO executive director, said his organization, which has received almost \$4 million in its three-year existence, did not have sufficient funds to meet "most urgent requests."

(Some weeks after Mr. Walker reported IFCO broke a three-month moratorium on funding with grants totaling \$437,336. Included were \$150,000 to Black Methodists Church Renewal and \$32,000 Union United Methodist Church, Boston, Mass., for low-income housing.)

Mr. Walker listed the following reasons for IFCO's money problem:

1. The organization has always given away everything it had received, never putting money in reserve to insure institutional survival.
2. IFCO has become too controversial for the churches (main source of support) to handle. It has been accused of supporting militant groups including the Black Economic Development Conference sponsor of the Black Manifesto, and supporting Black Panthers.
3. IFCO's success has become a pattern for growing numbers of denominational funding programs. As mentioned:

- a. Campaign for Human Development (Roman Catholic)
- b. Fund for Reconciliation (United Methodist)
- c. Fund for Self-Development of Peoples (United Presbyterian)
- d. Love Compels Action (Lutheran Church in America)
- e. Minority Development Campaign (American and Progressive Baptist Conventions)

Mr. Walker termed these actions by the various groups merely "putting old wine in new bottles" and poor stewardship and management. More bureaucrats will get jobs but fewer groups would get funded," he declared.

Mr. Walker called the new structure a duplication of IFCO and a form of backsliding. "At least it is a retreat from ecumenism—from the unity of faith," he said.

In 1969 the United Methodist Board of Missions became one of the first church agencies contributing to IFCO with an undesignated \$300,000. The board has given more than \$600,000 total to IFCO.



# Church Women United: One Group Remains Outside

Church Women United had reached its 30th birthday by the time the movement held its ecumenical assembly in Wichita, Kans., April. But apart from one brief, nostalgic celebration, the 2,300 women attending the four-day assembly spent most of their time looking to the future.

In its relatively few business sessions the assembly took steps to broaden its ecumenical and ethnic base, nail down its commitment to racial justice within its own house, and encourage wider participation in replacing the triennial national meetings with regional convocations in 1974. But the women spent most of the assembly in matters outside institutional housekeeping: on the impact of technology both now and in the future and the whole new range of moral issues it creates; on an unequivocal challenge to U.S. policy in Southeast Asia; on understanding the issues of world trade and its relation to developing nations.

Church Women United is not, strictly speaking, an organization. Its leadership prefers to call it a movement. Nevertheless it claims units in 2,400 local communities throughout the nation and some kind of structure in each state. Triennial assemblies are open to any woman who wants to attend; there are no elected delegates, and policy is made by a 140-member board of managers elected at the assembly. This year as in past assemblies the slate proposed by the nominating committee was elected without a demurrer.

The Wichita assembly saw the election of the first black president, Carrie Collins (Mrs. Martin Luther Harvey, Jr., who is also the first Southerner and the first businesswoman to head the movement. Mrs. Harvey is a fourth-generation Mississippian—and proud of it. She has had her family funeral home and insurance business in Jackson. During the 1960s when the Freedom Riders moved through the south in an effort to integrate public facilities, Mrs. Harvey founded Womanpower Unlimited, an informal organization whose first task was ministering to imprisoned Freedom Riders. Later it provided help to children involved in desegregation of public schools in Jackson.

Mrs. Harvey is a United Methodist; her husband, dean of student affairs at Southern University, is a minister of the African Methodist

Episcopal Zion Church. "We both had responsibilities in our respective denominations at the time we were married, so we each stayed with our own church," explained Mrs. Harvey, who is presently a member of the Structure Study Commission of The United Methodist Church.

In acknowledging her election as CWU head, Mrs. Harvey remarked in passing, "Six years ago I could not have been a member of the UCW [United Church Women, as it was then known] in Jackson." The observation was made not in bitterness but as a commentary on progress made in recent years.

CWU elected four Roman Catholics to its board at its 1968 assembly. This year that number was more than doubled. In addition, 2 of the 12 vice-presidential posts went to Catholics. The 140-member board of managers also includes 4 American Indians, one of whom is a vice-president. Spanish-speaking people are also on the board of managers for the first time.

The retiring board of managers, meeting on the eve of the assembly itself, adopted a resolution that denounced the policy of Vietnamization "which substitutes Asian casualties for Americans and provides people with weapons to kill their own countrymen." The resolution, which retiring president United Methodist Dorothy Dolbey said spoke "to church women but not for them," called upon church women "through every means available to them" to pressure the government for a complete withdrawal from Viet Nam by December 31, 1971. United Methodists who attended their women's assembly in Houston a year earlier may recall that similar dovish sentiments expressed there by Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area and others sharply polarized the meeting. But at the CWU meeting—several Indochina incursions and one invasion later—no disagreement was voiced.

Two evening sessions were devoted to moral questions raised by technology: computerization and its manifold effects for good or ill; genetic engineering; issues of life and death raised by new techniques for birth control and abortion; the ecological crisis. A panel of experts in various technological disciplines discussed not only the changes in store for the future but pointed to ethical and moral ques-

tions the changes would raise.

Dr. Jean Houston, director of the Foundation for Mind Research in New York City, suggested that man today faces the "most radical crisis in 40,000 years—the crisis of conscience. For the first time man is the trustee of his own evolution on this earth."

Panelists suggested that modern culture's record in dealing with drugs would indicate quite a bit of work ahead. Their point of reference was not the pot, hash, LSD, and other exotica of one segment of the youth culture, but the caffeine, nicotine, and tranquilizers consumed so routinely by the vast majority of American adults.

"The average American has three to five mind-altering drugs per day," said Dr. Alice Hilton, president of the Institute for Cybercultural Research. "America is the most drug-riddled country in the world." A large share of the blame, she suggested, must go to the pressuring of the mass media which promises "relief is just a swallow away," a slogan which Dr. Hilton called "the most obscene thing on TV."

A number of national denominational women's assemblies last year agreed that huge national gatherings may be less fruitful in the long run than other ways of reaching people. United Methodism, for example, has probably seen its last large national women's assembly—for the foreseeable future, at least. After consultation with denominational women's leaders, CWU agreed to experiment with a number of regional convocations in 1974 instead of one big meeting. The women hope that one benefit such meetings will produce is greater participation by younger women, many of whom find that high costs of baby-sitters and other expenses make it impossible for them to travel to distant meetings.

A quick glance at the faces assembled in Wichita indicated conclusively that CWU is racially integrated. More Roman Catholics in decision-making positions and greater co-operation with Catholic—and Jewish—women in local community projects point toward ecumenical inclusiveness. CWU's next avowed aim is to bridge the generation gap. After that only one obvious group remains outside. But at this point no one is willing to predict the date for the first assembly of "Church Women and Men United."

—Marjorie Hyer

# The Future of America

**W**HAT IS America's future? Only five years from now the United States of America will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. What kind of nation will we have in 1976, in 1986—or in the year 2000?

The signers of the Declaration of Independence asserted their convictions in these ringing words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Following the struggle of the Revolutionary War, Americans engaged in another struggle resulting in the formation of a Constitution which firmly established a kind of democratic self-government in which the people are sovereign.

For nearly 200 years that form of government has proved itself exceedingly resilient, adapting to many social changes, responding to the challenges and demands of new generations of citizens, weathering catastrophic World Wars and the threat of internal disruptions.

But today the pressures on the United States are more intense than ever. The war in Viet Nam, viewed initially by most Americans as an attempt to aid a small nation to defend itself against aggression, has degenerated in much of the national consciousness into extended, sickening, and senseless slaughter of human life and ravage of land in a little country by a superpower.

Furthermore, racism and poverty continue to blight the national life at home. The alienation of youth in our society is extreme. Polarization of large segments of the population is so acute that all institutions of society, the church included, face serious crises. The problems of pollution appear so formidable that many people despair for the survival of mankind.

Combined with this disturbing array of human perplexities is the tremendous rate of change taking place in our lives today. The thesis of Alvin Toffler's best-selling book *Future Shock* (Random House, \$8.95) is that change is accelerating so rapidly in modern life that many people cannot adjust to it. As a result they suffer the "new and powerfully upsetting psychological disease" of "future shock."

What indeed is the future of America? Does this strange new world erupting all about us spell the doom of our nation and our way of life? Can one be a realist and yet

have any hope for the future?

Alvin Toffler recently addressed an audience at North United Methodist Church in Indianapolis. He said, "Most Americans are desperately in search for and in need of positive images of the future here on our globe . . . The average American is so pessimistic about the future he is virtually paralyzed into inaction." Toffler continued, "I'm reminded of the lines used by C. P. Snow in a speech given here in America a year or so ago: 'To despair is a sin.' Just as a concern with values ties in with the past mission of organized religion, so a new concern for the future fits neatly with the tradition of religion."

The church may be a force, as Toffler sees it, to help people anticipate change before it explodes upon their lives. Those who anticipate the future are generally better able to cope with it than those who are taken by surprise. Toffler suggested to his Indianapolis audience "that the church take on for itself the function of propagating worldly images of possible futures and preferable futures." He asserted that organized religion traditionally has attempted "to get people to be concerned about the consequences of their own behavior. That's what I call future consciousness. People in our world can no longer act without concern for the consequences of their own behavior because their behavior touches everyone."

In his inaugural address President Nixon claimed that one major hope for America would be to enable all citizens to have an opportunity to help plan for their future. Too little progress has been made in this direction perhaps, as Robert Theobald suggests, because activity of this kind cannot be initiated by Washington. To be effective it must begin at the grass roots and work up to the centers of government.

In his book *An Alternative Future for America II* (Swallow Press, \$2), Robert Theobald says, "In the past, man has concentrated on gaining the power to do what he wished; now he must decide what he wishes to do out of the enormous range of options open to him." In order for this to happen, creative dialogue must occur throughout the nation, and Theobald sees the church as one of the institutional structures to make this dialogue possible.

Similarly, Toffler calls for the formation of "social future assemblies" in which all social units (including churches) together with individuals from every walk of life could join together to plan for the future, instead of blindly rushing into it. Wiring all kinds of people into the system, "making them a part of the guidance machinery of society, is the most critical political task of the coming generation," states Toffler. "Imagine the effect if at one level or another a place were provided where all those who will live in the future might voice their wishes about it. Imagine, in short, a massive, global exercise in anticipatory democracy."

The hope of America, and the world, is to begin to plan for the future and thus to begin to manage change itself. The agonizing problems of war, affluence and poverty, racism, environmental pollution, the alienation of youth, and the polarization of groups in society—all these are intensified by accelerating and unguided change.

We must begin listening to one another and talking to one another. We must stop coercing one another in our society and begin respecting one another, working together, planning together. Only thus will America achieve a desirable future. Otherwise we may not have a future at all.

—Your Editors



Neither earthquake, political harassment, war, military occupation, nor lack of funds could stop the dauntless little woman from Germany who 'never quite made it' during 40 years as an EUB missionary in Japan. After all, she was . . .

# The Irrelevant Lady

by JAMES A. GITTINGS

TO COCK an ear from Tokyo to Western pulpits is to hear echoes of a call for relevancy in the church's mission. Such echoes are welcomed in Japan. It is worth remembering, however, that an effort considered relevant at high noon may prove at evening to have been a waste of time—and vice versa.

Proof of the vice versa may be found in the life and affairs of Gertrude Elizabeth Kuecklich, who retired 4 years ago after more than 40 years of service to the people of Japan.

If ever a person earned the appellation "irrelevant," as the term is customarily applied, that person is Gertrude Kuecklich. She grew up in Kaiser Wilhelm's time, in the home of the moderator of a German church related to the American-based Evangelical United Brethren (EUB) denomination. American bishops regularly visited in the home, and on such occasions Gertrude, gifted with linguistic ability, found herself pressed into service. "At the age of 12 I was asked to translate a bishop's sermon," she recalls with some resentment.

Eight years later her sweetheart went to war and was killed a few days before the Armistice of November 11, 1918. "There could never be any question of marrying anyone else," she says.

By 1921, she was qualified to train kindergarten teachers, and began what she expected to be a lifetime career in Germany.

Then, she says, "My denomination began to consider taking a share of the work of the church in Japan. Someone suggested that kindergarten work would fit in with a new emphasis on Sunday-school teaching that was then developing in Japan."

Arriving in Yokohama in 1922, Miss Kuecklich began to study the Japanese language. Her linguistic ability stood her in good stead, and by mid-1923 she felt ready to go to work. She accepted a class in a school situated in a workers' district of Tokyo.

After the terrible earthquake of September 1, 1923, her father offered her passage home. But she was impressed by the spirit of the Japanese and, "When I saw after a week or two that morning glories had blanketed the charred buildings everywhere in Tokyo, I knew that I would stay with these courageous people forever."

Back in Germany in 1928 for a year of preaching in chapels of her denomination, she found the Nazi Party growing in strength. Her people were talking about political rather than religious matters.

Returning to Japan in 1930, Gertrude resumed training of kindergarten teachers to staff the church-operated schools opening everywhere in the country. She also taught kindergartners of her own at Toyo Eiwa, a Tokyo neighborhood center. Later, somewhat against her wishes, she was transferred to Osaka.

In 1936, Miss Kuecklich was back in Germany on furlough. She had previously selected the verse on which she would preach: "And Jesus went about . . . teaching, preaching, and healing." But the talk everywhere centered upon a new "national mission" being preached by a German "messiah."

Returning to Japan, she found that the general population was living amid wild dreams of imperialist expansion—and in the shadow of police terror. Cracks appeared in missionary solidarity. Some churchmen



*Gertrude Elizabeth Kuecklich*

wondered out loud whether a German woman had a right to preach Christ in Asia while Jews were being persecuted in her native land.

She kept busy with her children ("Now, little people, let's hold up our fingers and learn to count. Ready?"), and with her perennial responsibilities as vice-president of the All-Japan Christian Kindergarten Association. Once a month, however, she was called to the German embassy with other nonofficial Germans in Tokyo for a session of propaganda films and pep talks.

At one such meeting she recalls the presence of Richard Sorge, the famous reporter for the *Frankfurter*



*In the mid-1960s, Miss Kuecklich escorted the Japanese crown prince, his wife, and attendants through the school she founded for orphans, problem children, and the mixed-race babies of Japan. Standing in line at left are members of the school board.*

*Zeitung* who would be revealed a year later as one of the most successful Soviet spies in history. And she could not forget Chief Inspector Meisinger, Gestapo chief at the embassy, nor her instinctive distaste for this man who carried an aura of violence and intrigue.

In Europe the war dragged on to a roll call of German victories. Japan, dreaming her own dreams of manifest destiny, bombed Pearl Harbor. With the war, her EUB sources of salary were cut off. Wanting nothing from the Nazis, she found work as a translator at the Swiss embassy.

Complicating her difficulties were the petty intrusions of Japanese officialdom. "Amen" must be dropped from the school prayers, they said. (She solved the problem by having the piano play the phrase while children remained silent.) Food supplies were irregular, and experienced teachers were drafted for wartime military or labor service.

After the bombings and fire raids reduced Tokyo to a patchwork of ash

pits in February, 1944, she left with her children for an evacuation camp. Then, with defeat in 1945, German diplomats and nationals were bundled away for internment at the Kawaguchi Hotel north of Tokyo. She was serving as housekeeper at the hotel when the first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima.

Nine days later, Japan surrendered, and Gertrude permitted herself an observation: "Now, dear friends, there is nothing to do but prepare to greet the Americans."

The Americans arrived promptly, six of them, in a military vehicle that drew up before the hotel on the morning of September 6. The officers inquired for the housekeeper, and Gertrude came forward. The men saw a woman clad in a faded dress, her hair pulled back and graying at the temples, her body grown a trifle starchy after six years of rice and fish.

When she had served the Americans food and water, one of the officers beckoned to her. "You have a Mr. Meisinger here, don't you?"

"I agreed that Mr. Meisinger was with us, and the officer told me to go up to his room and call him. This I refused to do—it wasn't my business to lead a man, even a Gestapo officer, into a trap."

Finally, however, she agreed. Meisinger came downstairs as he had been ordered, and the Americans took him away.

"Then we Germans had to wait in the hotel for five days until we were cleared; but at last we could return to Tokyo and I could get on with my work."

Not yet, as it developed. Though the American officers had taken a liking to the woman they called a "little girl," there was no provision for the resumption of her salary. While EUB mission authorities in the United States tried to discover a route for the dispatch of funds to Tokyo, the officers found temporary work for her. Again it was as a trustworthy, "uninvolved" person.

In October, Gertrude's favorite American officer summoned her to



his office. "Please resign at once, effective yesterday," he ordered. Gertrude was puzzled, but complied.

Then the officer smiled and said, "An order has just been received to return to Germany all German nationals in our employ. We knew you would not want to go."

The officer extended a ticket to the Dai Ichi mess (an invaluable gift in those ration-short days) and within a week her salary from America had been resumed under an arrangement between military authorities and the EUB Church.

The Tokyo to which Gertrude now turned her attention was a grim encampment of homeless adults and orphaned children, many of whom had turned to crime and vice. One day the German missionary saw a group of youngsters huddling around a fire in the shelter of an overhead trestle. She noticed their pinched faces and told herself, "I have memories, but these children have none; I will be their mother."

When you talk to Gertrude Kuecklich now, you get the impression that her mission began at that moment.

So seriously did she take the challenge of Tokyo's homeless children that she became a figure of fun. To the Dai Ichi mess (really a hotel, with several fine restaurants), she wore an old dress, a sweater, and a coat (each with two pockets), and carried an out-sized handbag. Into the pockets and handbag she stuffed all the edibles that remained on the table at the conclusion of each meal. Then, with pockets bulging, she returned to the hungry children—only six of them at first, established in a rented room.

Before long, Gertrude was summoned to a meeting with a senior American officer.

"Do something about those children sleeping in the railway station," she was told. "If you will collect them, we will provide a vacant rubber workers' dormitory up at Kazo City."

Collect them Gertrude did, cajoling young hoodlums and teen-aged tarts, nothering seven-year-old pickpockets and tiny-tot thieves. The factory building was renamed Ai no Izumi (Fountain of Love). Within its walls the German missionary poured upon her charges the warmth of a mother's love.

When the postwar economic crisis was over, other children came to the

home—foundlings, "problem" children, mixed-blood babies, and victims of divorce. Eventually there was a nursery for 30 infants, and dormitories for 80 children up to 18 years of age. By 1967 more than 600 children had passed through the home, attending school in neighborhood classrooms, and returning at evening to the affectionate embrace that Gertrude Kuecklich somehow shared with all.

She had begged and pleaded for funds and equipment. Now, to save money, she made the architect's drawings for new buildings. She fought police and courts for the custody of distressed children; and from many sources she put together a solid base of financial support for her institution. When it became possible she established next door to the orphanage an old people's home caring for 60 persons.

Gertrude says: "We decided that what we could do was to show the people of this land the steadiness of the Christian message no matter what happened.

"You know," she adds, "on my visits at home I never 'made it' as a typical missionary; I could never tell a story about the heathen. Instead I kept telling people that the church should send missionaries who were occupationally skilled, who had something more than a spiritual license. What I meant was that their values had to be informed values; that there is no point in showing the steadiness of wrong conclusions."

When she speaks of two "lost" children—her greatest disappointment among the 600 who passed safely through her hands—you realize that Gertrude Kuecklich was something special as an educator.

One boy, whom she describes as originally "a wonderful child," turned out to be a compulsive thief. Even before he left the institution he was caught many times.

"He left here at 18. Once or twice the police brought him back to us after catching him in minor offenses. Then he was sent to a correctional institution, where I visited him. When he was released he headed straight for a church and asked to be baptized—but on the day of his Baptism he went on a crime spree. Now we don't know where he is."

A highly intelligent young girl left the home to attend Meiji Gakuin

University and was earning excellent grades. "We didn't know then that she was also working in a bar every day from 6 p.m. until 4 a.m. Soon she dropped out of school and out of sight."

Gertrude has only scorn for people who place barriers in the way of mixed-blood children. "It would be better if Japan would admit and absorb a group of human beings who are half Japanese," she said. "Many schoolteachers of Japan—members of the left-wing Japan Teaching Union—make trouble for mixed-blood children because of cheap politically inspired hatred for everything American. They say, 'You are not "pure" Japanese,' and mention the children's origins at every opportunity.

"Let me tell you, if I were always told 'You are not this' or 'You are not that,' I would become a little devil . . . My message to the children at such times is always the same. I tell them. 'You are all right, don't worry.'"

These remarks were made four years ago, just before Gertrude Kuecklich retired. She returned to Germany with many tributes from Japan's television and radio networks, newspapers, and magazines.

She didn't stay away very long. She is back in Japan now, not in an official capacity but—well—simply to be back among the adults who were once her children.

Those who once plagued her belong to oblivion; and irrelevant Gertrude did a more lasting work than people once reckoned great. In her sphere, she surmounted the great events that defeated others. Today it is characteristic of her that she refuses to be pessimistic about the uncertainties that face mankind.

"This is your day, my day, our day," she says. "We must learn how to master our situation." □

The Irrelevant Lady is adapted and updated from an article of the same title, copyright 1968 by Presbyterian Life. Used by permission. —Your Editors

**This camp session would be different. One of the discovery groups was made up of trainable retarded young people.**

# 'Maybe You Can Help People Like Me'

By SAMUEL H. FOUNTAIN

**I**T HAPPENED on a warm July evening. We had gathered as usual to close our day around the friendliness of a campfire. Its flickering light silhouetted our group against the towering trees and starlit sky, high in the Adirondack Mountains of upper New York State. A true-life drama unfolded there that night, leaving an indelible impression on campers and counselors alike. But I am ahead of my story, which began a few days earlier.

I had volunteered to direct junior-high youth activities at this somewhat special, one-week camp sponsored by the Troy United Methodist Annual Conference. Six "discovery groups" of six boys, six girls, and two counselors worked, played, ate, and worshiped together, learning consideration and compassion through their Christian fellowship.

This camp session was different because one of the discovery groups was made up of trainable retarded young people. I could not help wondering beforehand how the other "normal" youngsters would react. Would there be hostility, paternalism, derision, familiarity, or indifference? As proven later, an important value of this particular camp lay in the interaction of the two groups.

During the week, I visited each discovery group with my camera to capture them at work and play. Each of our special campers had a distinctive personality, but I'd like to describe several briefly, omitting real names.

Annie was shy, reserved, almost autistic. Retarded mentally and emotionally disturbed, she would sit for hours with her knees drawn tightly against her chest, held there by skinny arms locked together. Annie spoke only when necessary. The first time I took a flash picture, she fled in terror.

By the end of the week, Annie blossomed under the careful tutelage of her counselor. She began to talk and lost her fear of my flashbulbs. While her emotional problem was not solved, her growth was impressive. She had learned to live with strange people in the strange environment of a cabin in the woods.

Eddie had boundless energy and excellent co-ordination, unlike most others in his group. He was also aggressive, liked girls, and even flirted with the junior counselors.

Jimmy was a Roman Catholic who came to camp with the knowledge of his parish priest. His round face, sensitive skin, and rather flabby physique were characteristic of a mongoloid. He was irrepressible, loud, boisterous, and full of fun. Jimmy was always moving—if not his whole body, then his tongue.

He was leading the way on a hiking expedition one hot day when his group came upon the camp's outdoor chapel overlooking a lake. While the others rested gratefully on the log pews, Jimmy sensed an opportunity to worship. He began haltingly but imaginatively to recreate the celebration of Mass, not knowing or caring that the attention span of retarded young people is short. Jimmy captured everyone's attention as step by step he imitated his priest, never smiling or making fun but always dignified and reverent. He introduced his Protestant friends to Roman Catholic liturgy, not intellectually but appreciatively, as one who deeply loves his church.

Greg was both mentally retarded and physically handicapped. His legs were weak and fragile. His face was relatively large and thin with eyes that bulged as if he had a thyroid condition. Greg also had a speech defect. His voice was shrill, piercing, and difficult to understand. But Greg was polite, considerate, and emotionally the most stable of the retarded group. For all of them this week at camp was an opportunity for genuine Christian experience and learning in a relatively controlled environment.

Each discovery group had its own campfire and talk session giving the young people an opportunity to open up, share valuable experiences, and even to bellyache a bit. On this one evening, however, our special campers, their counselors, and I were delighted to be invited to join one of the other discovery groups for homemade ice cream plus fun and talk around their fire.

When I arrived, the campfire was burning brilliant and warm, although faint rays of the setting sun still streaked the sky. Everyone was sitting on four logs which framed the fire, finishing his ice cream and chatting in small cliques. One of the counselors strummed his guitar, singing folk and camp songs. Jimmy played along on his guitar which had only three strings, adding dissonance to the music, but no one seemed to mind. Greg was singing along with the counselor, about half a word behind.

Soon someone suggested: "Let's all sing together. We'll



go around the circle and each one can pick a song." So it began. We sang spirituals and camp songs, some serious, others silly, all fun.

When the group singing ended, everyone sat quietly, captivated by the flames crackling toward the night sky. A counselor asked if anyone wanted to share his thoughts—a comment about camp, an expression of faith, a personal experience. He went around the circle offering everyone an opportunity to speak, but forcing no one. Then Greg began to speak; no one could understand, but he continued to struggle with the words. His shrill voice and guttural sounds were not pleasing, and some of the other campers suppressed giggles. But the strength of his effort and his desire to be heard demanded our attention. We worked as hard trying to understand as Greg did trying to be understood.

Then gently, Greg's counselor, Betty, interrupted. "Let me help you, Greg. You say what you want and I'll tell the others. Okay?" Greg seemed thankful and not at all embarrassed.

He began again and Betty translated: "Thank you for letting me come to your camp. I've never been to a camp like this before. It is so wonderful that you let me come. It means a lot to me, and I hope that I will be able to come again." As Greg went on, Betty herself began to choke up. Bringing the retarded young people to camp had been largely her effort. Now she knew that her work and concern were appreciated. Greg seemed overwhelmed to be at this camp. He repeated his thankfulness over and over again. Then he began to talk about his school.

"I used to go to Hilltop School. Have any of you ever been there? You should visit it. It's a very nice school. But I can't go anymore. I'm too old. I had to stop going. My mother and father took me back for a visit last week before I came here. I want to go back, but they can't have me. There isn't enough room. They say they don't have enough teachers. I had to leave so that someone else could take my place. I got to visit with my old teachers and see some of my friends, but I can't stay . . ."

"You should go there. They like to have visitors. You could visit some of my old friends. Have you ever heard of the school? It is a nice school, but they don't have room for me anymore. I'm too old. . . ."

Around the campfire no one spoke. Some, I noticed, timidly wiped away a tear. Abruptly, each of us had felt the ache of another heart. Somehow, in a tragicomic way, with his shrill voice and guttural words and broken thoughts, Greg had expressed the pathos of his life, his sense of rejection, his need for help, his loneliness.

The thin, fragile legs, the elongated head and bulging eyes, the harsh voice and jumbled words did not matter anymore. Greg was no longer the pseudo-freak he had seemed before. He had feelings; he cared; he had dreams; he wanted to be wanted; he was like us. He went on and Betty continued translating:

"Some of you kids will go further in school than me. Some may even go to college." Suddenly, even Greg's retardation was obscured by the intensity of his feelings. He had stopped repeating himself as much. His thoughts were no longer mere tragic memory. He began to dream. And he held that dream up for the rest of us to share. No orator could have spoken more eloquently.

"If you can go to school, if you can go to college,

if you want to do something nice, maybe you can get a job at my school. If they had more help, then I wouldn't have to leave. I could still be there with my teachers and friends. Maybe you can help people like me."

Not many of us looked at Greg at that moment. We were looking at our feet, trying to hide tears of shared anguish. We were embarrassed, not for Greg but for ourselves. For a few brief moments each of us had moved inside Greg and shared his hurt and frustration. We had crawled inside a boy, no longer different or retarded but an unhappy boy, denied by society and fate and frustrated because he could not do anything about it.

If he had been a polished speaker, Greg would have stopped at that point of emotional intensity. But he wasn't polished. He began rambling again, saying the same things over and over, thanking us for letting him come to our camp, asking us to help. Still, I was captured by his repetitive eloquence, an eloquence I could not even understand without Betty's help.

Finally he finished.

There was nothing more to say. Greg had said it all. Quietly, we sang *Kum Bah Yah*, and Betty led her young charges back to their campsite. As they disappeared, our song died away and we sat staring at the fire, each thinking his own thoughts.

Finally, the counselor asked if I had anything to say. I didn't try. There was nothing I could add. We closed with a short benediction, for Greg's speech became our prayer: "Maybe you can help people like me." □



# Kids Make It Happen!

Text by Patricia Sanberg / Pictures by George P. Miller

## STREET FESTIVAL CLIMAXES LOUISVILLE SUMMER PROGRAM

**N**O MORE midsummer doldrums for West End youngsters in Louisville! Using newly acquired talents, they staged their second annual Summer Street Festival last July to climax a popular summer program at West Broadway United Methodist Church. The four-day celebration unfolded outside stained-glass windows on Sutcliffe Street, roped off for the event, as youngsters brought their church to the community. Almost 100 aspiring young artists attended the opening day street paint-in which was followed over the weekend by a talent show, art exhibits, chess tournaments, an operetta performance, pet show, street dance, and piano recital.

A Fund for Reconciliation (FFR) grant from the Louisville Conference made the 1970 festival possible as well as a preceding eight-week round of activities for more than 200 neighborhood youth. "The key to our success is simply—we let the kids run our summer program and the festival," the Rev. Gilbert Schroerlucke explained. "They decided we needed a fitting celebration to end our program and then went full steam ahead to put it all together," he grinned.

When Mr. Schroerlucke accepted the West Broadway pastorate five years ago, an all-white congregation commuted to the newly black West End area for Sunday services. "I took this assignment with the understanding that this church would start ministering to the people around it," he explained, "and our summer program is one step in this direction." Now the congregation is predominately black, numbers only about 40, and the emphasis is on youth.

Teens comprised the entire 1970 staff—7 high-school and 2 college-age leaders plus 10 junior-high helpers—whose nominal salaries were paid from the \$2,500 FFR grant. After spending one week planning activities and registering kids for the 8-week summer pro-





*Success is sweet as budding talent wins warm applause after onstage performance. Left: A chess tournament is serious business and demands concentration as boys exhibit finesse developed in eight weeks practice.*



gram, they helped teach classes ranging from airplane building, softball, tennis, and chess to sewing, cooking, piano, and drama. Two talented teens from Louisville's East End taught ballet, and three General Electric engineers conducted an electricity class.

Mrs. R. W. Ivy, director of children's work, played a major role in helping the young people put the program together.

"This program has brought the West End closer together," staffer Janet Haynes, 15, emphasized. "Before, the kids here didn't have many ways to express themselves creatively, but now they've learned things they never could have gotten otherwise—some of the extra things in life."

Gaily colored pennants decorated the street as paint-in time approached. At the starting signal eager youngsters dipped brushes into cups of water-soluble paint and each filled his numbered square on the street with the care and concentration of a Michelangelo. Twenty minutes later a pelting rainstorm reduced their efforts to one long swirl of color. Not the least daunted, they rejoiced in the cool relief from the sweltering, 93-degree heat by joining hands and dancing amidst the remains of their masterpieces.

After consultation with the local weather bureau, youngsters presented their Thursday-evening talent show under cloudy but dry skies. Almost 200 parents and friends watched







*Always in the thick of things, "Rev. Gil" adjusts height of the microphone between performers' acts in the talent show.*



proudly as the young people performed on a little stage erected outside against the church. A beehive of activity preceded Friday night's performance of the play "Melindy's Medal" as sets were built and costumes created. The pastor's daughter Kaye wrote most of the music for the production.

"We've taken the talents of our youth leaders at this church and matched them to the needs of this community's children," Mr. Schroer-lucke said. "We've had to free up the traditional environment of a church to make this program successful. While we're not without our problems, we have developed a mutual trust with these kids. We've encouraged positive creativity and it's amazing how the young people have responded."

Youth co-ordinator Shirley Reynolds, 19, put it this way: "Where I grew up the kids never had anything like this program, and they were always in trouble. I didn't even have any contact with the church until Rev. Gil came here. This program develops the kids' sense of responsibility, and I think each one of them has the potential to be a great kid where there's just some opportunity to bring it out." □

*Drama opened up new horizons for the cast of 24 who presented a musical play, Melindy's Medal, on a stage outside the church.*





It can begin with a game. Then Communi-Action for the '70s goes on to challenge thousands in the Twin Cities to . . .

# 'Seize the Times!'

By LORETTA GIRZAITIS

IT WAS nearly 9 p.m. as Doug hurried to get the medicine. The nearest drugstore was closed so he drove on. Somewhere in a city as large as St. Paul one drugstore was bound to be open. But the next one was closed, too.

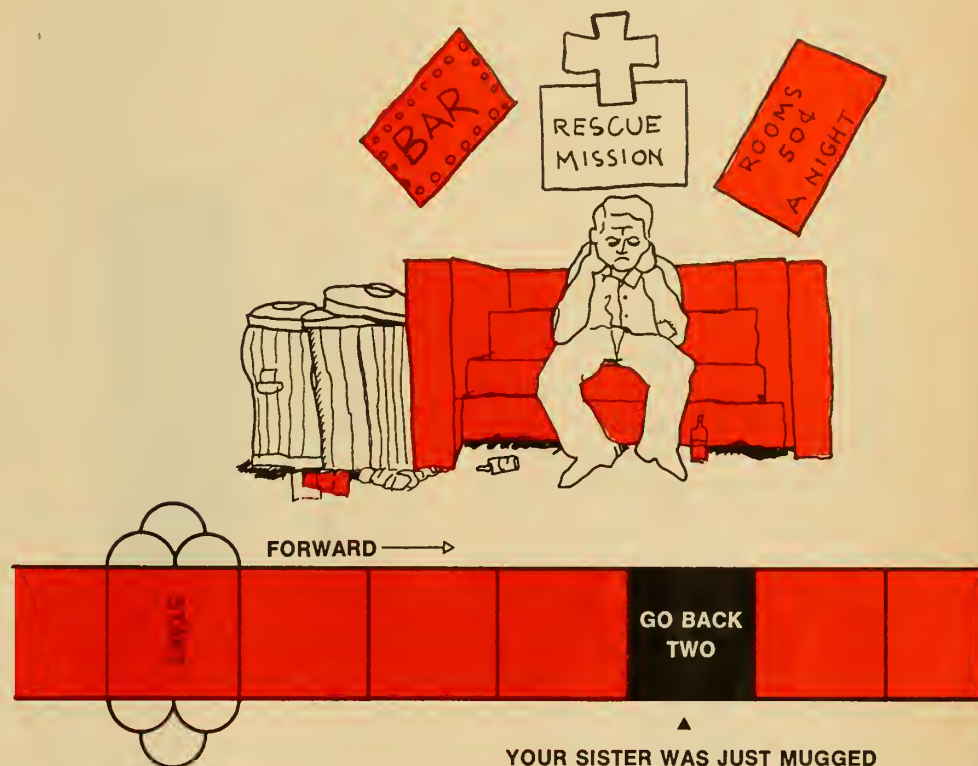
Then he spotted a store still alive with people in a poorer section of town—a neighborhood he seldom even drove through. He hesitated about stopping there, but only briefly. He needed the medicine, and the store undoubtedly would have it.

When the cashier rang up the sale, Doug gasped—it came to one third more than he would have paid in his own neighborhood.

A year or so ago, Doug and his wife probably would not have given the incident a second thought. But now they were involved in a six-week communal study group called "Communi-Action." The whole purpose of the sessions was to challenge individuals to learn of and then respond to the human crises within the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Were poor people—who could least afford it—having to pay more for things than other city dwellers, they wondered in light of their recent experience. They decided to experiment. Doug shopped for some common items in a ghetto area while his wife bought identical articles downtown and in their own neighborhood. Then they compared prices. In every instance Doug's purchases were more costly—sometimes twice as high as those his wife had made. They reported it to their Communi-Action group.

No one at the meeting seemed too surprised by Doug's report. Others had unearthed facts just as thought-provoking. They had discovered, for example, that most homes 50 years or older in St. Paul were concentrated within a three-mile radius of the downtown area; and, although there



were nearly 100 elementary schools in the Twin Cities, approximately 75 percent of the black pupils went to only about a dozen of them.

Doug's study group was one of many which have met throughout the Twin Cities since Communi-Action's 1969 beginnings. To learn about specific community problems, each group studies such problems as housing, education, welfare, and employment. Participants also visit specific neighborhoods, organizations, and institutions. Then they plot a course of action.

Through Communi-Action, Alice, who has to budget carefully to make ends meet at her own house, visited a mother on welfare. What she learned appalled her. There was no refrigerator in the house so food had to be bought on a day-to-day basis. The welfare mother had no means of transportation to discount centers where she could have bought cheaper

clothing and other merchandise. Neither did she know how to sew. So, even though the prices in her ghetto neighborhood were exorbitant, she had to buy there.

Alice did not wait to act until her Communi-Action studies ended. She contacted the YWCA and shared her discovery. Then she recruited enough volunteers to drive interested welfare mothers to the Y for classes in sewing, economics, home management, and child-rearing.

A group in southwest Minneapolis discovered a woman who was threatened with eviction unless her home was repaired and remodeled. They sought donated materials from hardware stores, then the men restored the two-story building.

Communi-Action graduates have taken many other courses of action, too. Several women are staffing Community Line, a telephone service offered by WCCO radio and tele-

vision, the Twin Cities CBS outlets. Five phones operate five days weekly from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Callers present their problems on such housing matters as eviction, mortgage, discrimination, and insurance. Staffers refer them to proper agencies for aid. Later they make follow-up calls, to assure assistance for those requesting it. Some suburban women volunteered as Head Start program aides. A businessman personally helped five young black men get their first decent-paying jobs. A group canvassed their neighborhood for lonely, single, senior citizens to offer them both friendship and any needed help. A teacher and his wife adopted two American Indian children.

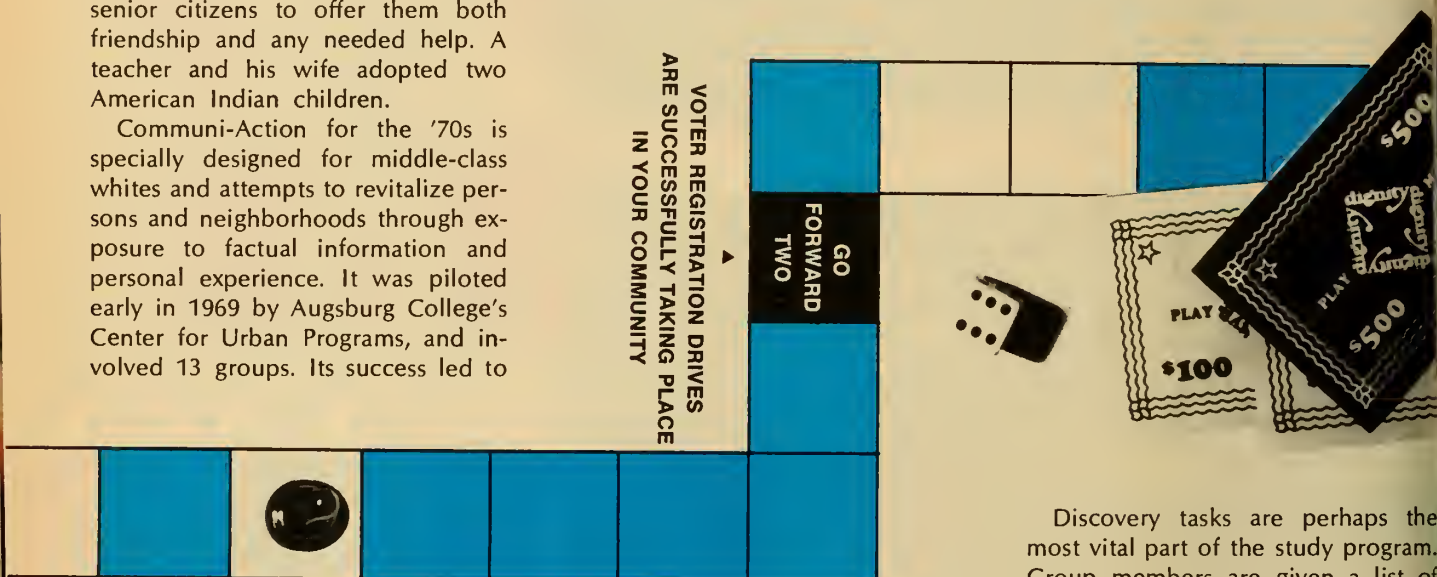
Communi-Action for the '70s is specially designed for middle-class whites and attempts to revitalize persons and neighborhoods through exposure to factual information and personal experience. It was piloted early in 1969 by Augsburg College's Center for Urban Programs, and involved 13 groups. Its success led to

apolis firm dealing with human-development and social-action programs. The current program, *Seize the Times*, was developed by Richard E. Byrd, Inc., another local firm specializing in organization, family, and community development.

Communi-Action works like this: The first session, sets the tone for the six-week study. In 1970, participants played Dignity, a Monopoly-type game the purpose of which is to show middle-class people what it is like to be one of America's disadvantaged. Dignity is based on true

Each session has three main parts—a reality quiz, discovery tasks, and growth exercises.

The quizzes are designed to test a participant's factual knowledge about given community conditions. A quiz on institutions, for instance might include such true-false statements as: "The average cost of a day's stay in a Minneapolis hospital last year was about \$94." Or, "In any given election, the winner is decided by less than 4 people out of 100 eligible voters." (These statements incidentally, are both true.)



a larger test program, this time inaugurated by the Urban Affairs Commission of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Some 250 persons met in 19 groups from June to August, 1969. Again termed a success, it became a full-fledged program. Approximately 3,000 adults were involved in Communi-Action activities during the spring of 1970 alone. Now 11 denominations, including The United Methodist Church, and the Twin Cities' two councils of churches are involved.

The program definitely is accomplishing its purpose, says the Rev. Paul O. Metzger, superintendent of the United Methodist Metropolitan East District. "People have been exposed to problems they didn't know existed, and they have committed themselves to attempting to change the situation."

The program and materials for the pilot projects were designed by George Nelson Associates, a Minne-

neapolis firm dealing with human-development and social-action programs. The current program, *Seize the Times*, was developed by Richard E. Byrd, Inc., another local firm specializing in organization, family, and community development.

Communi-Action works like this: When a player has accumulated enough "money" to send his son to college, a turn of a card can easily force him into bankruptcy. Or another card saying, "Your child was bitten by a rat. Go back five spaces," might cause a player to lose all his "money," and force him to resort to tactics that are less than dignified.

The game's impact is powerful. Some participants cannot accept the fact that such conditions really exist. Some think the game is overly dramatic, while others are helped to begin thinking of circumstances they had not considered before.

The first session also allows time for an attitudinal test, which is repeated six weeks later at the close of the studies to measure individual attitude changes.

Discovery tasks are perhaps the most vital part of the study program. Group members are given a list of possible tasks for the week ahead, from which they pick one of personal interest.

One participant, Ronnie, chose as her environment assignment to put all her disposable items into one large wastebasket to see how long it would take to fill it up. Even after separating glass bottles and flattening all the cans, she ran out of space after two days. After one supermarket trip, she took off all the paper and cellophane wrappings from her purchases. They filled a shopping bag to overflowing. "Are so many wrappings really needed?" she asked her group.

While examining the function of institutions, a group found that only one hospital in the Twin Cities would admit patients—even emergency cases—without demanding proof of insurance or ability to pay.

"It's astounding, isn't it, that this hospital is a public one," Loren observed. "All church-related hospitals seem to have forgotten that they were founded to serve the poor and needy. Is the state taking over the role of charity from the church?"



Here are some other discoveries made by Communi-Action groups: fewer than half of 1 percent of the people living in Twin Cities' suburbs are nonwhite, and 90 percent of the metropolitan area's black people today live in the same neighborhood occupied by black populations 40 years ago. Seventy-eight percent of the area's women receiving help from the Aid to Dependent Children program (for dependent children under 18) are whites, most of whom are separated or divorced. Twenty percent of the Twin Cities' American Indians 26 years old and older have not completed ninth grade.

Task assignment reports kick off the subsequent meeting and usually generate heated discussions on the findings. In many instances it is these discoveries which spur participants into community action.

The third major part of sessions, growth exercises, is designed to get meaningful discussions started. During a session on ecology, for instance,

development, told the group: "My husband just won't buy a thing that comes in aerosol cans—no hair spray, no deodorants, no insecticides, no oven spray! He says the propellant in the spray cans coats the lungs, clogs the pores, harms the eyes, and the chemicals can't be disposed of by the body. So I clean with liquids and soaps."

Her comment sparked self-evaluation. The group examined their use of paper products, automobiles, disposable cartons, tobacco. Even the habit of leaving electric lights turned on unnecessarily and permitting water to run while brushing teeth and bathing came under scrutiny.

Another part of some sessions is watching a television documentary. The films, taken in the metropolitan area, were made specially for Communi-Action and highlight the subject being discussed that session.

The last of the six sessions is designed to help individuals examine their life-styles, to determine personal goals and priorities. Then they list what they want to accomplish, either alone or as a group, in their community in the next five years. They also list when it should be accomplished. As each of these dates arrives, the individual is to telephone other group members and give them a progress report.

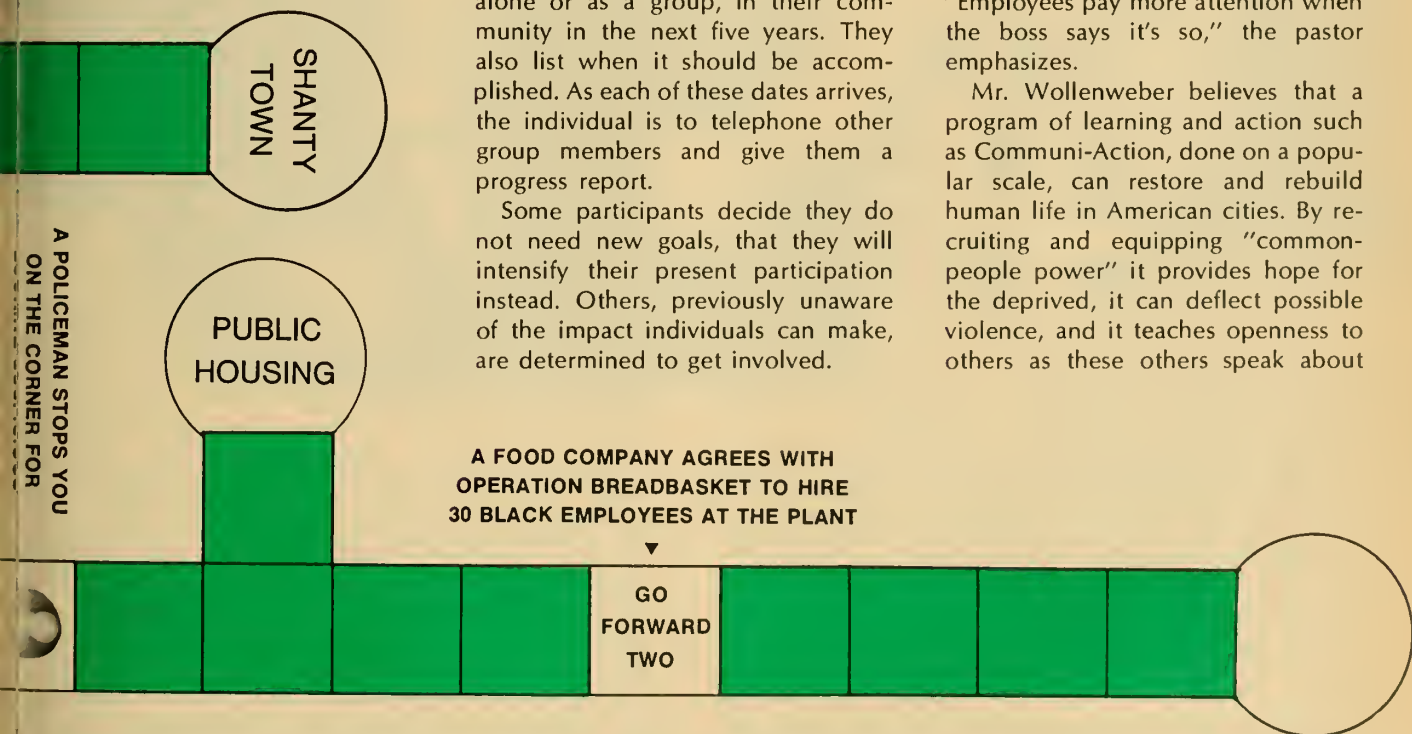
Some participants decide they do not need new goals, that they will intensify their present participation instead. Others, previously unaware of the impact individuals can make, are determined to get involved.

funneling existing volunteer expertise to the group during its initial action stage—6 to 10 weeks. After that, group members are on their own.

Another large-scale, six-week course will be held this fall. But now individual groups—schools, businesses, churches, hospitals, neighborhood groups—can inaugurate a course at any time, in any place. All that is required is that the leader be trained and the participants use the prepared manual (cost to each participant is only \$2.50). These groups will not use television programs because of obvious scheduling impossibilities. The purpose here is to make the training literally available to everyone interested in taking his community—with all its problems—seriously.

The Rev. L. Edward Wollenweber, United Church of Christ minister who is executive director of Communi-Action, Inc., hopes business and industry will take advantage of this. He is convinced that social information coming through a person's church is not as effective as that coming through his place of livelihood. "Employees pay more attention when the boss says it's so," the pastor emphasizes.

Mr. Wollenweber believes that a program of learning and action such as Communi-Action, done on a popular scale, can restore and rebuild human life in American cities. By recruiting and equipping "common-people power" it provides hope for the deprived, it can deflect possible violence, and it teaches openness to others as these others speak about



group members were told to wander around the host's home looking for evidence of "eco-pornography" (pollutants). Afterwards, the discussion turned to a home's most common pollutants, many of which are so taken for granted that few recognize their evil.

Janet, whose husband is a chemical engineer working in research and

How to respond is the thrust of the program's Inter-Action phase, which becomes operative on completion of the six-week study course. Inter-Action is a supportive service. Groups identify their specific area of involvement and express the needs they have for implementation. Inter-Action then provides the technical and academic assistance needed by

their own lives and life problems.

Communi-Action participants are convinced that only this kind of people power can bridge gaps and heal the wounds that can destroy individuals and communities. □

Illustration from *Dignity*, a game of learning and fun, published by Friendship Press, New York. Used by permission. Available from Cokesbury —Your Editors

This is not a pretty story. It is ugly and brutal. But it also is important for modern Christians. We dare not forget that a 20th-century horror of immense magnitude gripped a supposedly Christian nation within the lifetime of all of us who are over 30.

# Two Days in a Hole

By LUCY BARAS

L YING fully clothed on a cot, eyes wide with fear, I strained my ears as dawn began to lighten the gray October sky over the depleted Jewish ghetto of our small Polish city.

The air was stale with the odor of 10 hunted people whose muffled sighs and restless moans assured me that they also were listening and watching.

Suddenly the dry crackling of distant gunfire broke the silence. Ten dark shadows jumped up from their beds or improvised sleeping places.

With aching head and bottomless fear, I put on a coat and shoes. We were ready, as we had been since the start of German occupation, to run, hide, disappear.

In the streaks of light seeping through the curtains, I saw my 18-year-old brother, Milo, directing the seven newcomers into the basement hideaway we had used during previous raids which the Nazis called "resettlement actions."

Milo peeled off the wide floorboard that covered the entrance to the cellar and the stench of rotten potatoes. In a low but firm voice he told the Glaesers and the Kleins to go down. Ben Glaeser—a man with prematurely gray hair and fine, energetic features—asked in a trembling mumble, "And where are you going?"

I felt a needle in my heart. My headache was forgotten, and I was compelled to say, "We have another place, but only three people can fit in there." I knew that it was impossible to take the others because the three of us in the bunker we had prepared would sit as tight as pickles in a jar.

Milo explained that we'd wait until all of them went down into the cellar. Then we'd put the floor board on again and cover the floor with bedding, so it should look to the Nazis as if somebody had slept here and had just left.

Ben hesitated for a moment, said he wanted to mask the hiding place himself, and asked us to take only him along. After they all had gone down, he shifted sheets,

covers and pillows on the floor until Milo, reminding him how precious every second was, pushed him into the back hall. Ben turned back from the threshold with a last glance, as if he were looking at a grave.

Milo tore the front door open—not as a source of fresh air, but as an escape route. At the damp scent of early morning I felt like running, I didn't care where to, just away from the stench and exhaustion, even if into the arms of death.

But Milo slammed the door shut, bolted it and braced it with a heavy beam (the German soldiers had broken off the lock a long time ago). "Too late," he muttered.

We had foreseen the possibility of not being able to reach the bunker from the outside, and had prepared an inside route as a last safety precaution. The entrance to our bunker was under a make-believe toilet that had a joined wall with the kitchen.

I thought of the synagogue where many out-of-town Jews, unable to find lodging in overcrowded private homes, had been staying for the last few days. Those were optimists who hoped that the Germans would withdraw their order about concentrating all the Jews of three counties in the city of Skalat. The fate of the inhabitants of the synagogue was already sealed; ours might only be delayed.

To reach a hole in the ceiling directly over the toilet, it was necessary for us to climb into the attic. Mother was first to climb the ladder. The old rungs squeaked under her feet, and though she was going as fast as she could, it seemed like ages to me before she reached the top. Then, when my turn came, I could hardly lift my leaden feet until Milo, 10 years younger than I, tall and strong, grabbed me around my waist and put me on the first step.

At the other end of the attic I looked down into the opening that led to the bunker. The innocent-looking, old-fashioned toilet seat that masked the entrance lifted my spirit. Surely nobody would suspect that an outdoor toilet was a cover-up for a Jewish hiding place, especially since the door was bolted and locked from the outside.

Ben had just knelt down and reached for the rope that was tied to a rafter, when a thin, whimpering "Take me with you," reached our ears. In an opening between the boards that divided our attic from the neighbor's we saw a pair of eyes. Milo tore away one of the boards that





separated our attic from the adjoining house, and 12-year-old David Bienenstock crawled over to our side.

Not until we were safe in the bunker did David tell us how he had hid and covered his parents, his seven younger sisters and brothers, and his grandfather in their basement.

For a second I clung with both hands to the rafter, watching the dangling rope with a frightened eye. A wild scream, "Halt Jude," from the outside reminded me that a bump suffered here was nothing compared to being caught by the Germans.

Hand over hand, like a child taking his first step, I lowered myself into Ben's arms, and lifted the false toilet seat cover that led to the bunker. The look of the pail, half filled with water, and the stench of damp earth were nauseating. Lying on my stomach, I crawled backwards, groping with my feet for the tunnel walls. (I was well acquainted with the bunker since I helped to plan and build it, yet I did not remember how moist the walls felt, and how musty the air smelled.)

After my eyes got used to the darkness, I noticed that our precautionous mother had brought bread, a bottle of water, a candle, and matches.

A moment later David came in, then Ben. Milo stayed in the tunnel to mask the entrance, not an easy job. Putting two small boards across the opening was not hard; but then he had to stick his hand out through the crack between the boards so he could place the pail of water on top of them.

Mother asked him anxiously, "Did you untie the rope?"

And Milo whispered back, "I even took it with me."

Deep, black silence took over the cave, hiding place of five hunted human animals. There was no room for all of us to squat on the ground. Most of the time I sat on Milo's legs, and David on Ben's. David, because of his small size, was able to stand straight.

Our bunker was between the Bienenstocks' cellar and our own basement where Ben's family and the Kleins were hidden.

Outside, Germans roared, and Jews cried. The roars



were wild with inhuman hate and unrestrained sadism; the cries were muffled by crackling shots and moans.

Suddenly a loud bang ripped the air; I thought the mud ceiling was caving in over our heads. Mother threw her arms around us and tried to cradle us as she did when we were small. Soon we realized that the soldiers had broken into the house, and the beam that supported the door from the inside had fallen down. The stampede of boots above us was deafening.

We clung to each other in silent terror. My heart drummed. Cold perspiration ran down my temples. I could feel Milo's breath on my shivering neck.

When I heard a series of clinking noises, my pulse stopped with fear that Ben's family had been uncovered. Milo must have thought the same because he quickly put his hand over Ben's mouth to prevent him from screaming. Mother whispered to Ben, "It's only my glass and china."

Ben covered his face with his hands. In the dim light I could see his gray head leaning against the wall. "Are you sure?" he asked.

Mother whispered back, "They must have thought somebody was hiding in the triangle behind the credenza."

Ben was wringing his hands in disbelief.

"Wait," Milo said softly. "Let's try this." Facing south he knocked twice on the wall.

After a moment or so, two knocks were returned. Ben tried to raise his hand toward heaven but the mud ceiling was in his way. I heard his muted "Thank God."

Hours passed with no let-up in the hunt. Jewish cries and German curses, accompanied by shots and whips, rose like an invisible geyser of horrors and complaints. In those moments of despair I envied my dead father. He had been killed the first day of the German occupation.

Later, a new kind of clamor, slightly muffled, reached our ears; something like shoveling. It was followed by a shriek, "*Yooden raas*," and by children's lamentations. I knew then that the Bienenstocks' basement had been uncovered.

Ben put his hand over David's mouth, and we huddled around the little boy who had tried to save his family by offering his own life. My fear changed to anger; anger toward our helplessness, anger toward the unconcerned world, anger toward the silent God.

David didn't hear the pitiful outcries of his little sisters and brothers; he didn't hear his grandfather calling out the Jewish martyrs' "*Shma Yisrael*." He didn't hear the Germans yelling "*Verfluchte Juden*," nor the whips whistling like flying bullets. He had fainted.

When it was over within a few minutes, perfected with Nazi efficiency, Mother lit the candle. Ben poured some water from the bottle and rubbed the boy's temples, neck, and chest. Slowly David opened his eyes, then closed them again. Two tears, shining like diamonds, rolled down his sunken cheeks.

After we blew out the candle, darkness enveloped us again. The raid was still on, but the screams were not so frequent, the gunshots not so near. Our house was not searched again until the next morning.

On the second day we began to wonder if the "action" was over. By no means were we ready to leave our sanctuary; we had set up an agreement with a lifelong Gentile friend that in case of a raid he should notify

us when it was over by pounding on the kitchen floor in a prearranged way.

The second night was quiet, and occasionally wapped. I was very tired, but I tried to stay awake. I was afraid to fall asleep and see in a dream everything my eyes had missed during the raid.

After two days and two nights in the bunker, we heard the welcome knock above our heads. Kornel's voice echoed, "Mrs. Rothstein, Mrs. Rothstein, come out."

On wobbling legs, we crawled out.

Wisps of white fog floated like ghosts in the air. Kornel told us that 2,000 Jews had been taken away in sealed railroad cars. Many had been killed outright at the gathering places.

But, after two nightmarish days in our hole in the ground, we were the fortunate ones. We remained free—until the next raid. □

## EPILOGUE

Lucy Baras was born in southern Poland about 12 miles from the Russian border. In the summer of 1941 German armies massacred Jews in Poland and Russia. The gas chambers came a year later. The author was forced to live in a Jewish ghetto, then a concentration camp, then underground—"literally." Mrs. Baras was the only survivor of the experiences related in *Two Days in a Hole*. She explains: "There was another raid about two weeks later. After that I never saw or heard of the Glaesers and the Kleins. My mother perished in a 1943 raid. Milo was killed in battle in 1945, as a Polish Army soldier." When the Russians drove the Nazis out of Poland, the author, by then the wife of Edward Baras, fled with her husband from communism. When they reached the American Zone of Germany in 1945, they had a baby son. They waited there nearly four years for the visas needed to come to the United States. The family now resides in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The son, Victor, is 25 and daughter Ellen is 16.

"While Victor was doing graduate work in Munich, he became friends with a couple of German students," Mrs. Baras tells us. "These students, curious to see America, spent last summer in Canada as fruit pickers. Victor, with our permission, invited them to our house. They hitchhiked to Sheboygan and were our guests for four days. Sometimes then it would flick through my mind, 'Maybe . . . his father . . . , his grandfather . . . , his uncle . . . ' Yet I always answered myself, 'It's not the fault of these kids.'"

"These young people were not only innocent but also honest and sincere. They didn't try to cover up for their older generation, but tried—and succeeded—to present themselves as high-principled human beings. Later we received a warm 'thank you' letter from them, saying we had made them feel at home. My husband and I came to the conclusion that we finally have learned to forgive, though we know that we'll never learn to forget."

—Your Editors





# Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



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## Is conscience one's best guide?

✦ Many people seem to think so, but this is a dangerous half-truth. If a man has a distorted conscience, it may very well be his worst guide. If his conscience is guided more by superstition and custom than by love and reason, he may be a menace to society. Even a murderer may find some conscientious reason for his act.

Only a conscience that is enlightened by the will of God is able to serve as a

dependable guide. Even then, there must be constant repentance, renewal, and exposure to keep the conscience of yesteryear alive to the needs of today. "Acting on conscience," writes Charles Frankel, "is a fine thing; but a complete conscience ought to engage in some conscientious consideration of the consequences of acting on conscience" (*Education and the Barricades*, W. W. Norton, \$1.50, paper).

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## Is there such a thing as a miracle of healing?

✦ Certainly there is. The intelligent Christian needs to recover from the shock of fantastic claims and impossible promises. For example, no amount of faith will replace an amputated leg. But this should never blind one to the real miracles. Life itself is a miracle. The marvelous co-ordination of body and mind is a miracle. No one really knows

how great a part faith, devotion, and love play in the healing process. Speaking as one who experiences this miracle, William Stringfellow writes: "When all due allowances have been made for doctors and for medicine, it is when these mysteries—healing and love—are joined that, in fact, a miracle happens" (*A Second Birthday*, Doubleday, \$5.95).

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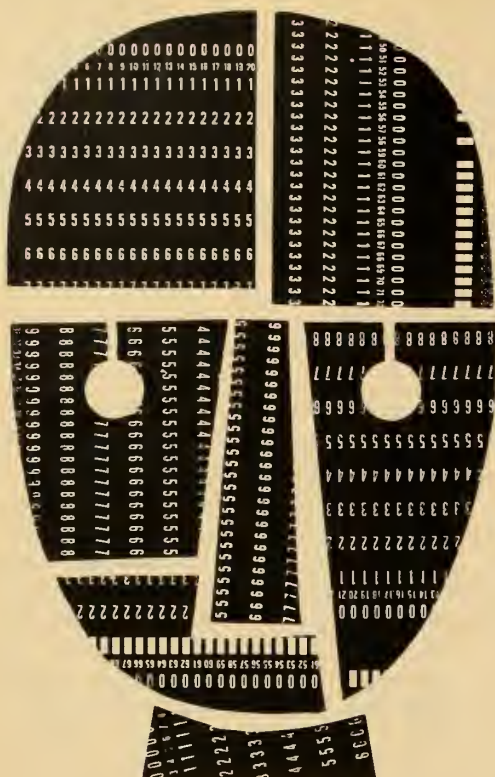
## Why bother with religion if you can't find happiness in it?

✦ The question is appropriate in a time like ours. At the beginning of the 70s, the secular search for happiness is intense. On all sides one can see the results of the fun explosion. In wealthy countries, people spend far more for recreation and sensual gratification than they do for all education, religion, and welfare combined. This should mean that most people are happy; but are they?

One can read the answers in amazing statistics: with so much wealth, the gap widens between rich and poor; with so many things, our psychiatric needs have grown geometrically; with so many

choices, we are more confused than we dare admit.

This condition will not be cured by a vague remedy called "religion." Christians are called to live according to the Way of Christ. It is not the Way to pursue happiness until we find it; it is the Way to follow Christ until we find ourselves. This is what the late Dr. Ralph Sockman called "the higher happiness." The third beatitude says it well: "How blest are those of a gentle spirit; they shall have the earth for their possession" (Matthew 5:5, New English Bible).



# The Day a Nobody Became a Somebody

By PHILLIP H. BARNHART

Pastor, East Lake United Methodist Church  
Atlanta, Georgia

And behold, a woman who had suffered from a hemorrhage for twelve years . . . touched the fringe of his garment; . . . Jesus turned and . . . said, "Take heart, daughter; your faith has made you well."

—Matthew 9:20-22

"NO, JESUS!" his security-conscious disciples cried. "Don't waste your time on that sick old woman. Move on to the daughter of Jairus. After all, Jairus is a big shot in the church. Don't fool around with a nobody."

That nobody, whom tradition has named Veronica and who had been suffering from a hemorrhage for 12 years, finally pushed herself through the tightly jammed crowd until she could touch the small fringe of Jesus' garment. In spite of hundreds of people pressed against him, Jesus felt something different about this woman's contact. And in spite of the protest of his followers, Jesus stopped his journey and said, "Somebody touched me."

"Wait, don't bother about her. She's a nobody," his helpers insisted. But Jesus said, "Somebody touched me."

This woman whom no one knew has gone down in history as one of the most significant characters ever to come in contact with Jesus. She was a *nobody* who became a *somebody*.

A lot of people in our society today feel like nobodies. There are many days when I do, too. It makes me wonder what causes "nobodiness" in our society.

One reason is that we are overwhelmed in an age when everything moves rapidly. We are not able to keep up with the idea of change let alone the facts of change. In recent years a multitude of words has been added to the dictionary to describe significant changes in our culture, words like cybernetics, psychedelic, and astronaut.

Not only is our society changing rapidly but everything is larger and more complex. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist, has said, "We've grown so accustomed to this; so oppressed by the sense that the world's gotten so big and unmanageable that we've accepted the role of nothingness, the helpless feeling that there's nothing we can do that will matter very much."

Sometimes I feel completely overwhelmed. During the play-off games of the 1970 baseball season when the Mets scored so many runs I couldn't stand it, I excused myself to get a Coke. As I made my way down the Atlanta Stadium steps, I saw this peanut all by itself over to the side. As I looked around at the 50,000 people in that vast stadium, I thought, "That sums up the way I often feel—like a peanut in Atlanta Stadium."

Things are so large that we feel nobody really cares. A student at the University of Georgia told me the only way he can get any recognition is to bend his IBM card. In a church of two or three thousand members, an individual sometimes feels he is just something that fills space in a pew.

It is easy to get lost today in the impersonal world of commercialism, institutionalism, and activism, and the God who is concerned about even the lilies of the field seems far from us.

Children feel this about their parents. Some of the girls in our church tried to have a mother-daughter banquet last year. I wonder how much of a *nobody* some of them felt when their mothers did not even come. Many times I have found at the church a dejected group of children who said, "Our teacher didn't show up." It is crushing to be treated in such an unimportant way.

Another cause of nobodiness is lack of purpose. In my counseling I see that many people have no goal in life and feel left out in the cold. In the New Testament, Peter treated this condition when he said, "Save your-



lives from this untoward generation." We don't use that word "untoward" today, but it means those who have no goal toward which they are striving. The late Lawrence Jordan, in his Cotton Patch Version of the Book of Acts, has rendered that statement this way: "Save yourselves from this goofed-up society."

A goofed-up society is one that has no meaningful, demptive, reconciling purpose about it. The present generation of youth in this country is the finest ever produced. (The only thing I have against the younger generation is that I'm not a part of it.) They are stronger, smarter, healthier, more knowledgeable than any other, but they lack one essential—a sense of mission. They have no great compelling purpose to lift them to their feet and march them out to conquest. With no purpose, the best and the most talented people soon become nobodies. Today's society of enormity, of complexity, of an impersonal nature and little purpose fosters and perpetuates nobodiness.

The question is, *What can change a nobody into a somebody?* I propose three answers.

The first is this: *Everybody can.* If this world were made more pleasant to live in by everybody planting a bit of honey in the lives of others, then one out of every hundred Americans alive today would not have attempted suicide. Suicide would not be the third-ranking cause of death for young people 15 to 19 years old, and second among college-age people. If the world were more pleasant, people would be more willing to stay in it and face its challenges.

When a friend and I traveled from West Berlin to East Berlin through Checkpoint Charlie, my companion's passport came back immediately, but mine was examined for what seemed an excessively long time. Eventually, after a nervous wait, my passport was returned to me and I proceeded through the checkpoint. Standing there was an East Berlin guard at icicle-attention, chin stiff, eyes straight ahead. As I passed, I caught his eye and flashed him the biggest smile I could manage. Do you know what he did? He smiled right back. We had different languages, philosophies, and life-styles, yet we communicated. Each became more of a somebody that day.

There is truth in the old proverb, "One man is no man at all." And an old pop song rings the same message, "You're nobody till somebody loves you." The tragic fact about Veronica, in the Scriptures, is not that she had a cancerous ailment but that she was alone. She was left forsaken, and she was a *nobody*—out in the busy street fighting impossible odds, stretching and straining to reach Jesus' garment, all by herself.

There was a difference between Veronica and that other biblical sufferer, the paralytic, and the difference made him a somebody. The difference was that he had our friends to see that he got to Jesus. The necessity for this is seen in the musical *Oliver*, in a scene when Nancy, even after being badly mistreated by Bill Sikes, sings meaningfully, "As long as he needs me . . ."

A good friend of mine, a medical doctor in a small town, was sharing with me his deep anxiety about the greatest need for doctors and the growing tendency to depersonalize treatment with the use of computers. He said, "We are taking away the very thing that makes people well: the eye-to-eye contact with somebody who by his concern, patience and skill, says, 'I care about

you.' " This was the concern of Jesus when he said, "Somebody touched me."

What can change a nobody to a somebody? The second answer is: *The Body can.*

The church ought to be that institution within which true humanness is made possible. In it a life takes on both meaning for oneself and significance for others. A Christian community, as Dietrich Bonhoeffer points out in *Life Together*, is a place where the weak need the strong and the strong need the weak and every link is securely interlocked with every other link.

In the church, we do not choose those who are in our community. God chooses them, and he calls the community into being. He names its members, and he calls us to live and love and work so that every person is somebody in the sight of God—and in the sight of every other person in the fellowship. If there are people today who cannot or will not come into this fellowship because they feel they are nobody, perhaps we are the real nobodies.

Every time our church has an activity in the fellowship hall, a whole host of little kids are on the outside looking in, pressing their noses against the windows. When we invite them in, they decline. They feel they are not good enough, that they are nobodies. The church of Christ will finally be judged on the basis of her ability to lift man to a sense of worth and dignity in the eyes of God.

In one of the most gripping passages in the New Testament, Jesus describes the crowning moment in history when nations will be judged. In the New Israel, the church, the Son of Man will separate one from the other as a shepherd separates his sheep from his goats.

And what will be the basis for divine approval? "Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, . . . I was in prison and you came to me."

What can change a nobody to a somebody? The third answer is: *His Body can.*

The body of Christ turns nobodies into somebodies. Someone in jail told me not long ago, "I want to be somebody." My answer was, "You were born somebody." The fact that Jesus died for you makes you a somebody for human nature is magnified and dignified. We have been accepted by Jesus in the love of the cross, and now it is up to us to "accept our acceptance."

Salvation is dependent on the grace of God and on the potential of man. God has acted. We must reach out to accept what already has been given. We must accept Jesus and give ourselves to him in the same way John did when the fishermen "straightway left their nets and followed him." We must accept him as did the woman with the bleeding condition, amidst the braying donkeys, barking dogs, and shouting people, when she went against the press of the crowd and pushed her fingers of faith through to touch the Christ. She became whole again.

Every day when one reaches out to touch Jesus, that day becomes a day when a nobody becomes a somebody. You need to stretch forth your fingers of faith.

Go ahead; do it. Reach out with your faith to touch him. Be assured that through the person of the Holy Spirit, Jesus can come alongside each of us, and he will not ask, "Who touched me?" He will *know*—and your life will never be the same again. □

# Letters

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH HAS ONLY ONE 'PRO': JESUS

In *How Laymen Can Be Heard* [May, page 10] a Minnesota minister seems to have some awareness that there really is a laity out there who can absorb, evaluate, and question in reason and in good conscience.

Unfortunately his stated presumption that "we are pros" tends to reveal that well-known clerical (and lay) folly of standing upon the premises of sand rather than rock.

The only "pro" in the Christian church, spiritual or organizational, is Jesus Christ. Everyone else is, was, or will be an amateur in greater and lesser degrees. Everyone else, by His comparison, are followers, not leaders. And only in our constant acknowledgment that we are led can we become those true followers, clergy and laity, who may lead.

HAROLD H. QUICK  
Des Moines, Iowa

## EACH CONGREGATION SHOULD EMPLOY ITS PASTOR

It's about time one of our United Methodist publications printed a statement about the faulty nature of our church structure. We do not differ much from the Roman Catholic Church in this regard. The laymen Chester Pennington discussed in the May issue should rewrite the *Discipline*.

Mr. Pennington wrote, "... I believe that any minister who deliberately tries to control the responsible bodies of the local church deserves all the trouble he is going to get."

He gets the trouble he deserves,

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all right, but he moves on and the laymen are left behind with the trouble.

Episcopal power is the cause of our problems. Each congregation should have the power to employ its own pastor, as some other denominations do. Those denominations have unemployed ministers who envy their United Methodist brothers, but the result is healthy for the church.

For several years I have been following Mr. Pennington's "purse power" suggestion, putting most of my money and time into programs in which I can honestly believe. Where those programs are being administered in Asia, Africa, and South America, I have personal knowledge that they are well administered.

JOHN WESLEY CARROTHERS  
Mill Valley, Calif.

## DIALOGUE, NOT MONOLOGUE, FOR LAYMEN TO BE HEARD

I read with interest *How Laymen Can Be Heard* and resent some parts of it. Mr. Pennington said, "When you think I am meddling in areas in which I have no competence, you must respond with some measurable competence of your own."

I have been a thoughtful student of politics for 40 years, especially the area concerned with Communism's gradual takeover of the world. This information made me very unpopular with one liberal minister. He allowed my name to be placed on the ballot, thinking a more easily managed man would be returned to the post of education chairman. I'll never forget the tantrum this supposed man of God threw because I was elected.

As for dialogue, there seems to be no end of consideration for even the farthest-out liberal doctrines, but let a conservative try to express a rebuttal and atmosphere becomes so thick with resentment it is disheartening. Don't talk to me about dialogue unless there really is a dialogue—not a monologue from the left.

MRS. FRANCES DEMPSEY  
Polo, Ill.

## STUDY OF GREEK OFTEN HELPS IN SPELLING ENGLISH

The May *Jottings* column [page 64] struck a responsive chord with me, as it must have for all who have struggled with our difficult spelling system. Since I make

my living teaching Greek, I must not lose the opportunity to point out that a knowledge of that language often is helpful in spelling English words.

The formidable "eleemosynary" (which troubles the *Jottings* writer) is derived from the Greek word meaning "pity" (spelled in English letters "eleemosyne.") I have used this word as a challenge to students to find it in some book or periodical. They usually come up with it after several months of searching. This Greek word was taken into English at an early date and has been boiled down to "alms."

Those other words—"rhythm," "Ecclesiastes," and "Deuteronomy"—are also of Greek origin. The study of Greek would help out with many words, but I suspect most people would not think it worth the effort.

Congratulations to you for an interesting magazine and to Associate Editor Ira Mohler for holding down the typos.

F. WILBER GINGHER  
Albright College  
Reading, Pa.

## AS EXPECTED: AN ERROR

Would you believe I have found an error in your May *Jottings* column—the one devoted to a discussion of errors! The sentence reads: "It is his job to keep some of us from looking a little less unlettered than we really are." It says the exact opposite of what you meant to say.

Those nine people who see everything 36 times can hardly be blamed for not thinking too hard about such a string of multiple negatives. The only thing that could save that sentence is prayer!

SANDRA CRAIG  
Asheville, N.C.

We are praying.—Your Editors

## NO MISTEAKS—YET

With regard to your May *Jottings* comments: Cheer up. We've never yet seen on *Together's* pages the boast, "We never make mistakes."

Thanks also for the good article on Congressman Carl Albert. [See *People*, May, page 52.] We enjoy *Together*.

WILLIS H. GERMANY, Ret. Minister  
Tulsa, Okla.



## ARTICLE APPRECIATED: EXPERIENCE WAS FAMILIAR

I want to thank you for the article by Kathleen Davis, *Is a Link* [page 23]. We are having almost the same experience with our mother. She is blind but is totally deaf and communication with her is almost nil. It can still appreciate affection, but it is hard to remain potent. Prayers for her and for us. Thank you.

MRS. BILL MATTHEWS  
Kinder, La.

## A REMINDER OF SCRIPTURE

A passage from Scripture in Matthew 25, verse 40, keeps nudging my mind after reading the beautiful and powerful *Love Is a Link*: "...as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

Kathleen Davis writes a warm and thought-provoking message. I share her experiences. The afterglow is a blessing.

MRS. ROBERT E. LASSITER  
Winter Park, Fla.

## DEAR JOYE . . . INSPIRES A STRUGGLING PARENT

The Open Pulpit sermon in the May issue, *Dear Joye . . .* by John Price, was to me a very inspiring article. [See May, page 4.]

So one has to remind us of the difficulty in trying to raise children in these times. However, Mr. Price came up with a challenging, encouraging, and beautiful message.

Thank you for including this from one struggling parent.

MRS. ALETHA E. HOTALING  
San Diego, Calif.

## WHY REPORT PROBLEMS WITHOUT OFFERING SOLUTIONS?

Because the title sounded interesting, I waded through the excellent reportorial rhetoric by Robert H. Homill in *Is Technology God for People?* [May, page 26].

It seems it missed the point, from the Christian standpoint. What is it to report that a problem exists unless at least one possible solution is suggested?

How much more inspiring it would have been to have printed a list of service-type jobs available to people of minimum education. Even President Nixon, who sometimes attends United Methodist churches, recently mentioned that his own

mother had mopped floors. Is it not more Christian, and inspiring, to glorify menial jobs? If the boy who wipes a windshield does a good job, should he not go to the head of the class? Somewhere in the Bible it tells about the Man who washed the other fellows' feet. Why should not *Together* publish such stories and articles?

ALBERT G. TEACHMAN, JR.  
Sylmar, Calif.

## ONE POEM NOT UP TO USUAL STANDARDS

How did the poem *Now—In My Day* slip into the May issue? And right inside the back cover, too! Somehow it isn't up to par with the usually perfect material found in *Together*. Specifically, I cringe when I read the words "design" and "times," used to rhyme with each other. I don't think they are even close enough to merit "poetic license," if there is such a thing.

We enjoyed reading another item in the May issue—the one about Elizabeth Smock in the *People* section [page 53]. We know her well as she is active in church school and choir at our church, Storrett Memorial United Methodist, where her father is the pastor. Her work as play teacher in our local hospital is praised by all concerned.

MRS. ROBERT E. RICH  
Athol, Mass.

## SURELY A UNITED METHODIST WAS AVAILABLE SOMEWHERE

Ecumenism is a great idea, but does being Christian friends mean we have to be bedfellows? I am stunned to read that a Roman Catholic nun has been appointed as a United Methodist general staff member. [See *First Catholic Nun Joins General Agency*, May, page 19.]

With more than 10 million United Methodists, surely there's one who qualifies for this appointment. And of all areas! She will be executive secretary of development education and training in the Women's Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions. Are we so naive as to think her previous education and training will not be biased and Rome-slanted?

In the same article Miss Florence Little, Women's Division treasurer, mentions concern that the Women's Society of Christian Service and the Wesleyan Service Guild giving to missions and related causes declined 5.16 percent in 1970. With such provocative appointments

as this in our General Board of Missions, I fear Miss Little will have continued consternation in meeting forthcoming deficits which are sure to come now.

MRS. RALPH De SPAIN  
New London, Iowa

## 'OUTSTANDING, COVER TO COVER'

The April issue of *Together* was superb. Usually I pass my copies on for others to enjoy, but this one I cannot release, at least for a while. It has so many articles to reread, poems to memorize, pictures to treasure.

Yes, indeed, this is an outstanding magazine from cover to cover.

HELEN BINGHAM  
Long Beach, Calif.

## MINNESOTA'S FLOWER, TOO

I received my copy of the May issue today with the beautiful lady's-slipper or moccasin flower on the cover. Please be kind to Minnesota. It has been our state flower for years and is protected.

MARION M. CAMPBELL  
Duluth, Minn.

We're not botanists and botanical classifications mystify us, but we continue to trust the encyclopedia which told us there are several species of lady's-slipper, all in the Orchidaceae (orchid) family, *Cypripedium* genus. The Minnesota state flower, it tells us, is the showy lady's-slipper, a pink and white blossom of the *reginae* species, while our cover picture was of the all-pink *oculea* species. That's the one claimed by Canada's Prince Edward Island as its provincial flower.

—Your Editors

## A SATISFYING ANSWER

In *Your Faith* [April, page 47] Bishop James S. Thomas answers a question that is on the minds of many: "Are there times when a Christian must use violence?"

I like his last two paragraphs especially. He goes straight to Christ, the Christian's authority. The use of violence does not bring peace nor is it the way Christ triumphs over the world.

MRS. CARL CHRISTENSON  
Waco, Texas

# Films & TV

**T**he *Andromeda Strain* is one of those movies that promises a great deal, seems to deliver it, and then lets you go without anything at all. This indictment, of course, can be leveled at any number of entertainment films—*Airport* and *Love Story*, to name two recent examples. The method is simple. Take a theme—air travel, college romance, technology—and use the trappings of that theme to surround a safe story of suspense, love, or comedy. The theme makes it look significant; the story is predictable, and the audience is able to watch without any danger of involvement.

As entertainment films go, *The Andromeda Strain* (rated G) is above average. The suspense motif is believable, the characters are stuffy but bearable, and the technology that surrounds the suspense is fascinating. It is, to use the vernacular, a "clean" film, and one that I would recommend you consider if you have a free evening and want a little suspense with your popcorn. But it is finally a picture that, by carefully avoiding a point of view toward the future it predicts, automatically accepts the status quo.

It can be argued of course that entertainment films are not supposed to crusade or make profound statements. How many times have you heard it said—or said yourself—"I just go to movies to be entertained." Or, "I don't want a message, and I don't want to be disturbed." Fine, no one can argue with your right to be ushered into two hours of escapism, especially if the escape is as finely wrought as the suspense and technological gadgetry of *The Andromeda Strain*. But you should remember that somewhere in Scripture it is recorded that "he who is not with me is against me." This means that when the technological structure of *The Andromeda Strain* is accepted without question, it is thereby given the most positive kind of endorsement.

At no point in this picture is any effort made to evaluate internally whether a future of computers that monitor the makeup of an organism may contain some distinctive antihuman potential. Director Robert Wise simply uses technology to create his little suspense tale set in a futuristic laboratory. The film's plot is strictly formula. A space satellite returns to earth with a deadly organism for which there is no known antidote. Will the scientists find an antidote in time to save the world? What do you think?

Of much greater importance than the answer to this obvious question is this picture's implicit message that life's real problems are not in the power of those computers to store all that knowledge. Instead it is in whether or not the good guys will find the solution to beating the bad guys, in this case, the *Andromeda strain*.

In contrast to *Andromeda's* unthinking acceptance—and therefore implicit endorsement of its technological framework—another recent futuristic film focuses entirely on the deadly potential of a computerized society. The film is *THX 3811* (rated GP), made by George Lucas, a young graduate from UCLA, who developed his picture from a short film he made as a student. There is some plot suspense, having to do with the attempt of an occupant of a future underground

city to escape to the outer world. But this story line is integrated into a more significant commentary on the fact that future civilization may be comprised of human slaves who are drugged into compliance to the wishes of the computer masters in order that the humans may do the things: produce and consume.

It is Lucas's point that our present society is already trapped into this condition of producing and consuming without loving. His film stresses this by exaggerating and placing in a science-fiction context of the future a situation already present, embryonically speaking. *THX 3811* uses a suspense story to make a point of judgment against the lifelessness of a computer society. *Andromeda Strain*, on the other hand, uses the computer society as a vehicle to tell a suspense story.

This distinction goes beyond the matter of which film is better made or more entertaining. What is at stake here is the fact that we are a nation of viewers who are propagandized into acceptance because we do not look at the medium in which the message is transmitted. Did anyone question the war John Wayne fought on the sands of Iwo Jima? No, audience attention was focused on the drama of which kid (was it the one from Brooklyn or the one from Alabama?) is killed first. And what about all those FBI television shows? While we were thrilled by the victories of the good guys over the bad guys, our subconscious was absorbing the message that FBI equals goodness.

So the next time you go to the movies to be entertained, look for a moment at the context in which the entertainment is couched. Unless the context itself is the focus of the film (as it is in *THX 3811*) you might ask yourself what is the point of view the director has assumed about his material. Hopefully, such a question won't ruin your entertainment, but it may make you a little less passive in your viewing.

—James M. W.

## TV HIGHLIGHTS FOR SUMMER VIEWING

### SUNDAYS

Each week on PBS, 10-11 p.m., EDT—*Fanfare*.

June 20-July 4, 9-10 p.m., EDT on PBS—The New Masterpiece Theater presents *Pere Goriot*.

Beginning July 11, 8-9 p.m., EDT on PBS—*Evening at the Pops* series with Arthur Fiedler.

Aug. 1-Sept. 5, 9:30-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, the BBC production starring Keith Michell as Henry.

### MONDAYS

Each week on PBS, 8-9 p.m., EDT—*World Press*; and 9-10 p.m., EDT—*Realities*.

### TUESDAYS

Starting July 6 and continuing 11 weeks, 9:30-10 p.m. EDT on PBS—*Artists in America*, profiles of 11 kinds of art and artists.

Each week on CBS, 10-11 p.m., EDT—*The CBS News Hour* with 60 Minutes scheduled on June 22, July 6 and 20.

June 22-July 13, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on ABC—Great movie love classics: *Intermezzo* with Ingrid

Bergman and Leslie Howard, July 22; *Portrait of Jennie*, Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten, June 22; *Ruby Gentry*, Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston, July 6; and *Music for Each Other*, Corole Lombard and James Stewart, July 13.

July 6 and Aug. 3, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

### WEDNESDAYS

Each week on PBS, 9-10 p.m., EDT—*Firing Line*, host William Buckley and guests.

Aug. 18, 8:30-9:30 p.m., T on ABC—Music special with the 5th Dimension.

### THURSDAYS

Each week on PBS, 8-8:30 p.m., EDT—*Washington Week in Review*; and 8:30-9:30 p.m., EDT—*The Playhouse*. Note particularly the July 8 title: *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*.

There will be many additional hours of good viewing during the summer. Check your local listings to minimize that I-wish-I'd-known-in-time-to-view-it feeling.

—David O. Poindexter

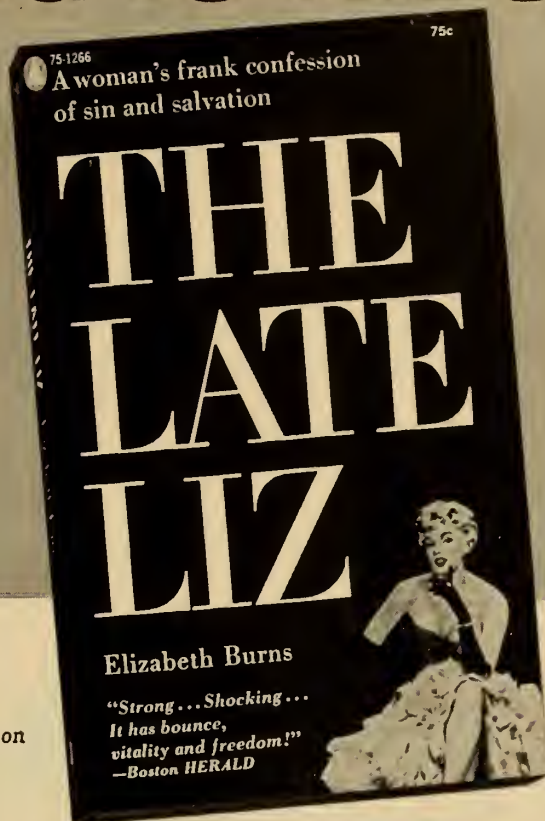


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## 'We come Within the Skin of our Teeth of Not having no Preacher Down hear'

Bro. Harol Viktor  
Lake Delite, Wis.  
Dear Preacher:

As usual this time of year we are sweating it out down hear while you are injoying the cool breezes and good fishin up their. Also ever year you ast me to write you about how your vacayshun replacment is doing in the pulpitt at the Elsewhere UM church of which you are paster 11 mos. out of the year, and farthermore how the collections is holding up.

Well, the collections is doing as well as can be xpected, totalling \$31.11 last Sun., but your vacayshun replacment has not showed up altho I have bin on the lookout for him and have even gone to the bus station in the county seat 6 to 7 times and he has not arived.

Therefour we come within the skin of our teeth of not having no preacher down hear last Sun.

Bro. Viktor what do you supoze has hapened to Bro. E. T. Hiland whom you tole us was to preach hear for a month but hasnt showed up?

I will tell you what I think. I think he was not gave enuff directshuns by you as how to git to Elsewhere since you was in such a hurry to git away, and he may be lost somewheres but no telling where.

I do not agree with some other

members of the ofical bord that you just made up the story about Bro. Hiland so you cud git away quicker from all this hot weather.

Sense their aint no telephone in miles of your vacayshun cotage, wood you rite me as soon as posible and help me straiten out this mess?

Sinsereely, H. Clutter  
Bord Chm.

From: The Rev. Harold Victor  
To: Mr. Hegbert Clutter  
Dear Hegbert:

Permit me to throw a little light into your present quandary.

In the same mail with your letter I received one from the Rev. E. T. Hiland which was delayed by being forwarded from Elsewhere. It would seem that Mr. Hiland had the misfortune of falling off a ladder and at present is incapacitated in a St. Louis hospital with a severely fractured heel.

Frankly, the situation leaves me in a state of indecision; and I am greatly mystified by one paragraph in your letter which states—or implies—that someone was present to fill my pulpit last Sunday.

Would you please elaborate?

Yours in Service,  
Harold

To: The Rev. Harol Victor  
From: Hegbert Clutter  
Dear Harol:

I will xplain how I was able to produce singlehanded a genuwine UM preacher to fill your pulpitt and can do the same next Sun. sense your raan can not git hear on a broke heel.

The day after you left who shud drive into Elsewhere but Bro. Elwood Gaines the student preacher of Chicago whom last year if you reckollect that far back was your vacayshun replacment. Also you may reckollect that he went up to the brush arbor revivle at Wild Springs against my soundest advise and was scared out of his wits by a possum which was let lose in the arbor just for meanness by 1 of the Barlow boys up their.

Bro. Gaines being nere sited got his glases broke in all the xcitement and was forced to injoy my room and bord for a month until his per-scription lins come all the way from his optimist in Chicago.

Now he is back down hear agin with a diploma or whatever it is you git from a preachers school and tells me and Abby he injoyed his stay with us last sumer so much that he will be glad to pay us whatever it will cost for room and bord.

"Mr. Clutter," he said, "I am writ-



ing a book on the enter-city problems of the church and wood just love to have that nice 2nd storie north room of yours to work in. I find I can rite much better in piece and quite, dont you?"

Well, you know me, Bro. Viktor, not onely as corsptd. for the Weekly Rock City Clarion, to which I receive a free suscription, but also as a stedy contrib. to our the TOGETHER magazine so I had to agree with Bro. Gaines that I owe much of my success to the piece and quite around hear.

However, I ast: "Dont you have no church Bro. Gaines?"

"I am on my sabathical in order to do my book," he replied. "How much wood you charge me for room and bord this summer, Mr. Clutter?"

Well, you know me, Bro. Viktor, I woodnt never charge no preacher, and I said so.

I ast him what a sabathical is and he said it is something like a vacay-

shun, and I guess you know what that means sense you are up their in the cool country taking it easy while I was down hear trying to straiten out this mess about Bro. Hiland.

Sinsereely, *H. Clutter*

P.S. In anser to your resent letter, it was Bro. Gaines who filled your pulpitt last Sun.

To: Mr. Hegbert Clutter  
From: The Rev. Harold Victor  
Dear Hegbert:

I regret to tell you that the situation remains somewhat unclear.

Does the board think I should return at once? And what financial arrangements were made with Mr. Gaines?

Yours, *H.V.*

Dear Harol:

Dont bother to come back and

dont worry about finances neither. Bro. Gaines consented to do it without cost when I told him I woodnt never charge no preacher nothing for room and bord, that is if he was a preaching preacher. Which he is ever Sun. down hear.

Also yours, *H.C.*

Dearest Hegbert:

Between swims in the cooling waters of Lake Delite I congratulate myself on having the best horsetrader in Rock County on my official board. With things going so well down there, don't you think you could spare me a couple of extra weeks up here?

Your devoted pastor,  
*Harold Victor*



## Who Needs Language?

I DIDN'T begin to worry about my French-Canadian driver until we were on the way back from my impulsive sight-seeing trip to beautiful Lake St. John in the Saguenay region of Quebec province.

Perhaps I was getting tired and edgy, but I suddenly realized what a harebrained thing I'd done! I had dashed off alone into the wilds of Canada in a taxi I'd taken from the town of Chicoutimi—with a driver who couldn't speak a word of English!

I had to admit all had gone well so far. It was a beautiful day. Late summer. Just before the leaves turn when the clover is red and sweet smelling and the huckleberries are ripe. The driver had pointed out many places of interest. He found me a nice restaurant for lunch and

later showed me the lake scenery.

"After all, who needs language?" I had asked myself.

But now, as we turned back, the road became more unfamiliar the farther we went. We were definitely going back a different way—if we were returning to Chicoutimi at all. From the rear seat I sneaked a frightened look at the driver's face. Now it seemed dark and sinister. I wondered what was going on in his mind. He must know that his passenger, an American tourist, had money. Would he . . . ?

It was dusk now and dense forests were all around us. Was he beginning to drive slower and slower? It seemed so. Was he looking for a place to pull off the road where he would slug me and take my purse? Should I hide the money somewhere?

But what good would that do? He'd find it.

To break the suspense, I tried talking to him in pantomime, pointing to the trees and berry bushes. But he paid little attention.

Yes, he was stopping. Without a word or gesture, he got out of the car and went into the woods. To get a rock or stick to clout me with? I thought of running, but where to? He knew the country; I didn't.

Now he was coming back. I could hear him whistling. "A happy murderer!" I thought hysterically.

Something, I saw, was cupped in his hand. It didn't look like a weapon with which to bash in my brains. Why, I realized as he opened his fingers toward me . . . a handful of huckleberries!

—Georgine Klewans

# "Superstar" Wins a Convert

By THOMAS M. HUDDLESON

ON EACH visit home from college, I've tried to bring something new to share with my parents.

One year it was a film I made which was a critical success in the collegiate circle. Unfortunately, in the rural circuit of churches which my father serves as pastor, the film was greeted with silence—and one matron's indignant comment, "I didn't need *that* to start my new year." I've made two more religious films since then, but I haven't dared grace Student Recognition Sunday with another contribution.

Now in my senior year, I went home for Christmas a few months back with another "religious" article carefully packed in my suitcase. This time it was a popular two-record album *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and I was quite sure that my enthusiasm for this musical offering would not be shared by my parents. If the title didn't turn them off, the term "rock opera" would. And even if I could get them to listen to it, I knew that musical prejudice is harder to overcome than any other. (There's no moral compulsion to overcome it.)

Fortunately, in a sense, my father was a captive audience since, unfortunately for him, he was stricken with pneumonia for the fourth time in his life.

When my wife and I arrived home, the place was a madhouse—one brother home from college, another from his teaching job in the coal regions. A sister and her boyfriend were also there from her college, and with my wife, my 14-year-old sister,

and my mother making the Christmas dinner the small parsonage was bursting with noise and life.

With my father lying on the couch in misery and everyone else scurrying around, I directed my attack at the flank:

"Hey, David [he's a year younger than I], want to hear the greatest record ever?"

"What is it?"

"*Jesus Christ Superstar*."

"Sure. I've heard it's even better than *Tommy* [the first rock opera, also released by Decca Records]."

Dad glanced weakly at the stereo speaker above the couch, a painful 12 inches from his nearest eardrum, and whispered, "Please keep it down."

I've witnessed acts of Christian charity before, since my father has always tried to make himself the example for his children. But this time he surpassed himself. He winced only once or twice as the two rock groups, assorted choirs, and the philharmonic orchestra went through the overture.

"This is Judas," I explained, but Dad didn't seem interested. Gradually as David and I read the libretto to ourselves, I noticed Dad's head begin to cock to one side as he struggled to decipher the words as Judas wailed out his doubts, sometimes jazzy, sometimes bluesy: "Listen, Jesus, I don't like what I see / All I ask is that you listen to me / And remember—I've been your right-hand man, all along."

Then the disciples at Bethany were asking their petty questions ("What's the buzz, tell me what's happening?"

and, "When do we ride into Jerusalem?"). We followed the anointment of Jesus by the groupie Mary Magdalene ("Let me try to cool down your face a bit.") into the agonized protest of Judas ("It seems to me a strange thing, mystifying / That a man like you can waste his time, on women of her kind."). When Caiaphas, Annas, and the priests joined together in a traditional operatic exchange in the song *This Jesus Must Die*, Dad began to inquire who was speaking.

The Palm Sunday procession and Jesus' exchange of words with Caiaphas were like a con man's setup to my father. I tried another question: "Dad, this next song is Simon Zealotes. Do you think they've captured the essence of the man here?"

I knew he was hooked when he answered, "Let me see the words. I have trouble understanding what they're saying."

From past sermons, I knew that this disciple was the one Dad found most interesting, and when Simon Zealotes made his pitch for revolution in the terms of America's 20th-century black man, my father's expression was rapt.

The crowds screamed adoration for the Christ, and Zealotes urged him on: "You'll have the power and the glory / Forever and ever and ever."

Christ's saddened reply ("Neither you, Simon, nor the fifty thousand / Nor the Romans, nor the Jews, nor Judas, nor the Twelve / Nor the priests, nor the scribes / Nor doomed Jerusalem herself / Understand what power is / Understand what glory is / Understand at all . . . understand at all . . .") left the emotional opening for a song called *Pilate's Dream* which is a catharsis in itself.

By this time, even my mother was listening from the kitchen. We could hear the money changers in the Temple, the merchants and their wares, envision the scene in the courtyard, see and hear Christ's anger as he drove them out.

Then a crowd formed around Jesus ("See my eyes, I can hardly see / See me stand, I can hardly walk"), and as they began to mob him the music shifted into a love song reminiscent of Brahms or Schubert, and Mary Magdalene can break your heart with *I Don't Know How to Love Him*. In this song she expresses all the puzzlement and hope of a doubter yearning



believe but unable to understand a man who is more than a man. Judas's dealing with the priests closed the second side of the record, and from interrupted to point out that our dinner was getting cold.

Everyone hurried through dinner to get back to the world's most compelling story told in a new, human way. We followed it through the Last Supper, the vigil in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the trials, and scourging and mocking, Judas's suicide (to his own partrending version of *I Don't Know How to Love Him*), and Peter's denials, to the Crucifixion and the final, ambiguous instrumental *John Nineteen Forty-one*.

We talked a while of the intentions of the people who recorded the album—Britishers Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice—and agreed that the intentions did not really matter in the face of what they achieved, perhaps in spite of themselves. For although John 19:41 is the burial of Christ, the ending is not pessimistic. It does not deny the resurrection of Christ. The burial is the ending of Jesus Christ, the Superstar who was misunderstood, the beginning of Jesus Christ the Savior. No one I know who has looked up the passage has been able to stop there. The usual response is "No, it can't be," and they continued to read.

Vacation over, my wife and I packed and went back to school. Shortly afterward Mother wrote that Dad had used some of the lyrics of *Jesus Christ Superstar* in a sermon. Then, during semester break, we stopped in one afternoon. There on the stereo was a copy of the album. My father had bought his first rock-music records.

"Why?"

"The UMYF is sagging. We can't seem to interest young people. They think we're too backward, too old-fashioned. I'm thinking about organizing a workshop of young people to study this. Theologically it's pretty sound. . ."

I didn't say anything so he added thoughtfully, almost to himself:

"You know, it wouldn't hurt the adults any either." □

A

# Prayer

to make your own

**O** Almighty God, give to thy servant a meek and gentle spirit, that I may be slow to anger, and easy to mercy and forgiveness.

**G**ive me a wise and constant heart, that I may never be moved to an intemperate anger for any injury that is done or offered.

**L**ord, let me ever be courteous, and easy to be entreated; let me never fall into a peevish or contentious spirit, but follow peace with all men; offering forgiveness, inviting them by courtesies, ready to confess my own errors, apt to make amends, and desirous to be reconciled.

**L**et no sickness or cross accident, no employment or weariness, make me angry or ungentle and discontented, or unthankful, or uneasy to them that minister to me; but in all things make me like unto the holy Jesus.

—JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667)  
*English preacher and author*

# Teens

By DALE WHITE

"I CAN'T find a summer job!" This plaintive cry comes often from teen-agers. The slowdown in the economy has made jobs for youth especially scarce this year. I like to make these suggestions for kids stuck with a boring and meaningless summer:

Look for volunteer work. The pay is terrible, but the work can be fascinating. Check the health and welfare agencies in the area to see if they can use some help. Teach in vacation church school. Help out in the summer recreation program, visit nursing homes, clean up a polluted area, organize a child-care program, or have a work camp.

Create your own jobs. Many people have money to pay for work, but no workers available. Talk to elderly people about how hard it is to hire somebody to do yard work, home repairs, and heavy cleaning. They would gladly pay someone willing to work.

Get into a training program. Most firms have some kind of on-the-job training program for new workers. Offer to work for nothing in exchange for training and a chance at a job next summer. The experience gained will be valuable, and you will have a letter of recommendation for future use.

Develop a personal skill or hobby: music lessons, weight lifting, camping, cooking, typing, sewing, life-saving, French. Whatever turns you on, do it! provided, of course, that it is not illegal, immoral, or fattening.

Qa

I am a girl, 15, from a closely knit home. I am president of our UMYF and God is very real to me. I maintain an A-plus average.

But the gang I'm thrown in with is fast, and worshipers of false ideals. I am not anxious to label them friends for my reputation's sake. The closest friend I have is a boy my age who is in my church



Cartoon by Dave Harbo

"It's Sandy . . . She says Bill told her that Patti says you shouldn't have told Steve that you couldn't date Kurt because he's Mary Beth's friend and her gang wouldn't like it . . ."

and school activities. We have a lot in common, mostly in our philosophies of life and living. Although I am not naive enough to call this love, I greatly enjoy his companionship.

Lately, my family has said that we act as if we're going steady, which neither of us believes in. I have been told that if we were ever to become disinterested in each other, we would have no friends left. I really see their point. So we have been trying to include ourselves in groups where we talk to others, instead of just to one another. But I feel masked and insincere going on like this.

Please enlighten me with your opinion. I feel too involved to come up for air myself.—J.M.

Your parents are wise at this point, I believe. Couples often enter a dependency relationship. They become crutches to each other. Finding it comfortable to talk with each other, and maybe being a little shy in groups, they spend more and more time together, and less and less time with others. They get "out of it" with the gang, and it gradually becomes harder to break back in. They miss learning

the social skills which could make it more fun to be with the crowd.

You see what a cramped little circle this could become. I think your own relationship will be more alive and creative over the long run if you spend time with groups of friends.

Qa

Can you help me? I would like to have friends, but I seclude myself and make people think I like to be alone. I know it's because I'm afraid of something. I think it's fear of rejection. Why am I so afraid of this? I think about it so much that I can't sleep at night. Then I get very tired during the day.

I can't really tell my parents because they don't see things from my point of view. My dad would say, "Cultivate new friendships." Sounds real easy, doesn't it? I don't know if anyone my age cares to hear my problem. Will I outgrow this? Or should I get dead serious and try to solve it?—L.B.

You should know that you are not alone in your problem. So





## She Needs Your Love...

Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance... her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family. Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

**Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?**  
A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

**Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?**  
A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

**Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?**  
A. Yes, and with the photograph will come case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

**Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?** A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

**Q. May I write to my child?** A. Yes. In

fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

**Q. How long has CCF been helping children?** A. Since 1938.

**Q. What help does the child receive from my support?** A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

**Q. Are all the children in orphanages?** A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

**Q. Who owns and operates CCF?** A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

**Q. Who supervises the work overseas?** A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

**Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors?** A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.** Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Choose a child who needs me most.  
 I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$\_\_\_\_\_. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$\_\_\_\_\_.  
☐ Please send me more information.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
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recent studies show that a sense of lonely isolation is more and more common among adolescents. Powerful social forces seem to be making it harder for kids to reach out to others these days. Some say this explains interest in "tribal" experiences, using hard rock music, psychedelic lights, and even drugs to overcome self-consciousness.

But "tribal" experiences give only a temporary sense of relief from loneliness. The drugs create so many extra problems and are so risky that they certainly are no solution. I think you have to find ways to be with people, no matter how scary it feels. Groups such as school clubs, church-youth fellowships, Scouts, and so forth, help a lot. You can watch how everybody talks and gets along, and pick up a lot of social skills even as a quiet observer. In time you will meet a few persons with whom you can feel relaxed. Just one or two good friends can make all the difference.



**I am a girl, 13, just beginning to like boys. But boys aren't my problem. It's my family! A few years ago I hated boys and was teased about it by my parents and older brothers and sisters. Now that I've started to like them, my family still teases me.**

**I go to a girl's school which is co-ordinate with a boy's school. The only time I see the boys my age is in the halls. And there they act like five-year-olds. Since we have lived here only one year, I don't feel I can talk to my friends, minister, or teachers about it. I have written to my best friend, but she gave no suggestions. Can you give me any advice? How can I get my family to stop teasing me?—J.C.**

You will probably have to learn to take a certain amount of kidding. Try to take it in good humor. Think up some funny retorts to throw back at them. If you show you can give as good as you get, they will see you are not too defensive, and will ease up on you.

If some of your relatives start getting too obnoxious, have a quiet talk with your mother about it. If she can understand that you are being picked on, she will be able to put a stop to it.



**I'm a 16-year-old girl and my boyfriend is 18. We both come from Christian families and are active in our church. We've known each other for three years. In the past eight months we have come to know each other well and admit our mutual affection.**

**We both have high morals and standards, but we do slip—not enough to be considered morally wrong, but it does cause a guilt complex. We are concerned. Fortunately, we can have an honest discussion and end the issue. But we don't know what is to be considered right and what wrong. Where should we draw the line for moral obligation?—C.S.**

For really mature young people I like to recommend a book by Dr. Richard Hettlinger, *Youth Views Sex: A Student's Dilemma* (Seabury Press, \$1.95, paper). Dr. Hettlinger understands how hard it often is for young people to hold the line. But he gives a very fine rationale for premarital chastity.

An excellent new booklet is *Youth Views Sexuality*, by Ellis B. Johnson.

Your minister can help you to obtain them through the Cokesbury Book Store or Service Center.



**The February, 1971, issue of Together had a letter from a B.B. who "lost her virginity" at nine, and is uneasy about herself.**

**It is hard for me to write this letter, as I assume it was for her to write hers. At age 10, I also lost my virginity. In many ways I had actually lost it earlier; this was only a culmination.**

**I, also, knew nothing. At that particular critical moment, though, I realized what it was all about. I was mad! I was just an object. I don't like that because I'm a person.**

**I don't think B.B. is being fair to herself for feeling guilty. When one is innocent of being used, how can one justly blame oneself? Don't think I'm unfeeling. I can understand that she must be in great inner turmoil.**

**I agree that since she hasn't had the chance to get it off her chest it may have (and probably has) blown itself all out of proportion. I recommend going to someone you**

**trust. Choose wisely if you do, but remember if that person realizes your honesty and trust, he or she won't betray you.**

**B.B. says, "can [Christian] kids ever have a happy marriage?" Of course! Remember, a Christian marriage is built on love, not sex alone. If the sexual part doesn't work for you at first, don't become a wreck over it. There are many ways to overcome sexual fears today. The church has people trained to offer professional help.**

**It's not a sin to have more than one life around you. You'll see cheating, in-betweenness, and goodness. Treat yourself like a research paper. Look up all possible information from every possible source. Then start eliminating what you can't use, what you won't use, and what you find to be of inferior quality. Put in every bit of useful and dependable material. Make the end product something to be really proud of.**

**To me, that's what Paul meant when he said for us to present our bodies "as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God." And the business about losing popularity because you are consistent with your standards: I have found Romans 12:2 to be the most beautiful verse I ever laid eyes upon. It tells me to be different—something to pride myself on, anyway. It says not to be a conformist, but to transform yourself into something more perfect. I did that!—E.K.**

**Thanks for a sensitive and understanding letter!**

**Tell Dr. Dale White about your problem, your worries, your accomplishments, and we will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.**

**—Your Editor**



# Ten Commandments for the Parent of a Teen-ager

... or—may the Lord help you because you need it—of more than one

I Thou shalt guard thy temper. Thou shalt remind thyself in all thy verbal encounters with thy offspring that thou art older and shouldst be wiser, and therefore thou shouldst be able to keep thy cool.

II Thou shalt be fair in thy dealings and shalt set forth equitable rules regarding such things as dating, time deadlines, and telephone calls. Then thou shalt stand firm in thy enforcement, meting out justice with mercy.

III Thou shalt limit thy lectures to five minutes, remembering that 1 word oft sufficeth for 20. Seek dialogue rather than monologue, knowing thy child hath need to tell thee, also.

IV Thou shalt remember at all times that thy son or daughter is a sensitive human being with feelings, yea, even as thou thyself art.

V Thou shalt regard thyself ever as an example, bearing in mind that when thou sayest, "Drink not!" and lifteth a glass unto thy lips, or, "Smoke not!" whilst thy words issue from a cloud of smoke, thy offspring seeth more than he heareth.

VI Thou shalt be mature enough to admit that thou art in the wrong when indeed thou art.

VII Thou shalt be silent and listen when an ear is needed.

VIII Thou shalt remember that a little praise goeth a long way and say to thy child now and then, even in small things: "Well done."

IX Thou shalt accept thy child's shortcomings with compassion even as thou strivest to overcome thine own.

X Unto thee a child was born, and thou hast fed it and clothed it, and brought it close to manhood or womanhood. Fret not for mistakes thou hast made, for what parent among us is perfect? Rather, cast thine eyes upon this creature that is truly a miracle, thy link with eternity, and glory in him. And say to him now and again—for sometimes he may doubt—"I love you."—*Dana Brookins*

**An Invitation:** Dana Brookins, mother of three teen-agers and one former teen-ager who has just made her a young grandmother, has learned some lessons from experience. But we wonder what advice teen-agers themselves would give their parents. This, then, is an invitation to TOGETHER's teen readers to send us their own articles in answer to the question: How can you tell if you're a good parent? The author of the winning manuscript will receive \$100 for all rights to his or her manuscript.

Manuscripts should be between 1,200 and 1,500 words long. All should bear the name, address, and age of the author, and the names and addresses of parents or guardians.

Manuscripts must be postmarked on or before September 15, 1971. Address them to: Teen Article Editor, TOGETHER, 1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Return postage should be included for their return.

—Your Editors

# BOOKS



*Actors in the roles of Jesus and the Rich Young Ruler appear in TV spots produced jointly by United Methodists and United Presbyterians.*

**W**HAT WAS Jesus really like? Each generation has had to make its own creative inquiry, studying Scripture and history, trying to read the reality between the lines.

William A. Emerson, Jr., has attempted to do this for our time in *The Jesus Story* (Harper & Row, \$4.95). This strong, compelling book was published this spring as part of a multimedia campaign that also included radio and television spots based on Jesus' life and ministry. These were produced jointly by the Division of Television, Radio and Film Communication of The United Methodist Church and the United Presbyterian Church's Division of Mass Media.

*The Jesus Story* shows us a literate, self-possessed Jesus, cool in the face of enemies, warmly casual with both rich and poor, progressively aware of his own power. Immersed in a quickening schedule of teaching and healing, he was traveling, and working, and organizing all the time. Lean, weathered, and sinewy, he probably got more exercise than the average soldier.

Emerson points out that the Jewish society of the time was honeycombed with ritual and rule. Through exile, dispersion, and occupation, the Jews had preserved their identity by maintaining their separateness. "Of all their possessions the most precious

and best protected was their religion," says Emerson. Then: "Jesus set about giving it away."

William Emerson is a writer and editor who has been fascinated by Jesus for a long time. Once on the editorial staff of *Newsweek*, later editor-in-chief of *The Saturday Evening Post*, now he is an official of an organization that produces educational material for preschool children.

"Kurt . . . Yes, I remember him all right," said the former SS man. "There was nothing of the soldier about him, and I knew that wasn't who he was there for. He was what you might call an ultra-Christian. I don't know much about what he did, but he was a fighter in his own way."

What Kurt Gerstein did, and the hidden heroism with which he fought, has made German pastor Martin Niemöller call him "a very special kind of saint." Suspicious of what was happening to the unwanted and the unfit in Nazi Germany, he chose to find out, and fight, from within the SS itself.

His Stormtrooper uniform gained him access to the grisliest secrets of the death camps, but at an incredible price! Because he had medical and engineering training, he was made head of the department of the Waffen SS Institute of Hygiene where he was responsible for working on all methods



decontamination and disinfection. Ts included the use of gas, and when it was decided to use gas in the death camps, it was decontamination expert Kurt Gerstein who was commanded to supply the means.

Sabotaging the program when he could, sick with the unspeakable horror of it, he ran desperate risks trying to tell people what he had seen. They didn't believe him. Nor were his heroic efforts recognized after the Allied victory had bared the truth he had tried to tell. Imprisoned as a war criminal, charged with being the inventor of the gas chamber, he hanged himself in a French prison.

French writer Pierre Joffroy tries to set the record straight in **A Spy for God: The Ordeal of Kurt Gerstein** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95). It is fragmented, incomplete, possibly in some instances even inaccurate biography because so much of what Gerstein did had to be secret, but it reflects the drive and passion of the man who put his conscience above family, friends, and his own safety.

The people of Western Germany today come into sharp focus through the lens of Leonard Freed's camera in **Made in Germany** (Grossman, \$10, cloth; \$4.95, paper). Housewives chat, a boy walks barefoot in the gutter, a line of cars waits at a checkpoint on the autobahn, people go on vacation, visit graves, carry signs, go about their daily work and their daily life in this people-to-people record by a great photographer.

The work of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin continues to be published. Among the writings of that remarkable French Jesuit scientist and philosopher, however, were a number of essays that had not been included in previous volumes. These now are gathered into two volumes, **Human Energy** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.95) and **Activation of Energy** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$7.50).

The six major essays in **Human Energy**, written in the 1930s, touch on such topics as human sexuality, the precedence of matter by spirit, the emergence of God, the relation of biological to moral values, religion in science, "the pains of personalization," and the problem of evil. **Activation of Energy** complements and ex-

tends **Human Energy**, covering the period from 1939 to Teilhard's death in 1955. Readers of his earlier works will find familiar themes tackled from new angles, and with new vigor here.

Teilhard believed that the race of man is going somewhere, and that if human spiritual energy is channeled in the right direction, "upward and outward," it will far outdistance the potential of technological advance as a motor force in the universe. Human failure, he believed, is the consequence of energy wrongly directed.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles, has taken his lumps from history as he took them in life. Able clergyman though he was, he was not very popular in the little parish of Epworth that he served for 40 years. Thrown in jail once for failure to pay his debts, and always on the brink of financial disaster, he never had an income of much over \$1,000 a year—and he had 19 children.

United Methodist layman Franklin Wilder comes to his defense in **Father of the Wesleys** (Exposition, \$6). It is the first full-length biography of Samuel Wesley in over 100 years, and the only one now in print. Wilder presents him as a brilliant man, kind and generous, devotedly Christian, a father whose influence was strong in the lives of his children. Although he worked within the Established Church, he also emerges as an innovator in many ways. He believed in education—for women as well as men—and educated his daughters as well as his sons.

He has been overshadowed in history by his wife, Susanna, but that remarkable woman's estimate of him left no doubt about what she thought of him: "I think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of learning and useful knowledge in relation to the Church of God should be confined to an obscure corner of this country." And, again, at the age of 52, she wrote: "Let his outward condition be what it will. He is rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

It's ironic. After 19 centuries of exhorting people to overcome their human frailties, the church in the 20th century is trying to get us to be human in spite of technology.

Of course, it's a different kind of humanity that churchmen have in mind. Wallace E. Fisher, senior pastor of one of the country's oldest and largest Lutheran churches, defines it in **Can Man Hope to Be Human?** (Abingdon, \$3.95). "Modern man—like medieval, ancient, and prehistoric man—needs pardon, insight, direc-

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tion, and meaning because he is mortal, finite, perverse. Man needs a new set of affections, humane goals, selfless motivation. He needs acceptance, understanding, love."

Dr. Fisher finds the way to this true humanity in the essence of Christianity. "Because God wants man to be human, he sent his Son into the world in the form of a man."

Polly Schoonover was three days old when she had her first broken leg. And so her parents knew that she had inherited the *osteogenesis imperfecta* that kept her father in a wheelchair. It is a condition in which calcium is not properly laid down on the bones to make them hard and strong. Instead, they are thin, brittle, and easy to break.

For Melvin Schoonover, though, a wheelchair is a chariot for exploration and affliction a gift. In five remarkable *Letters to Polly* (Eerdmans, \$3.95) he tells the triumphant story of how he went to college and then to seminary, became senior minister of a church in East Harlem, New York City, and left to become dean of continuing education at New York Theological Seminary and head of his own consulting firm.

Hope in too much of the black community is violent hope, says Major J. Jones, president-director of Gammon Theological Seminary, in *Black Awareness: A Theology of Hope* (Abingdon original paperback, \$2.45). Yet it is hope that seeks an outlet at every level of human life, and whether it can be Christian will depend in part upon what the Christian churches, black and white, are willing to contribute to its ultimate fulfillment.

At least, black Christians must understand revolution, Dr. Jones believes, not with the intent to win a political revolution as such but rather because, if it takes place, they cannot escape accepting or acquiring some responsibility for its outcome.

His incisive study begins with the arrival of black slaves in North America and traces the religious life of black people from then to the present black-awareness movement.

Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux born on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, is a former director of the National Congress of American Indians and an articulate, often wryly humorous writer on Indian affairs.

*We Talk, You Listen* (Macmillan, \$5.95) is Deloria on America's current philosophical, economic, and social revolution. Looking at racial con-

flict, inflation, the generation gap, the ecological crisis, and power groups as symptoms, he draws the uniquely Indian conclusion that group identity and real community development are a kind of neo-tribalism and the elements of American society are in reality a collection of tribes—Indians, Chicanos, blacks, hippies, and others, driven together by the demands of an electronic world.

Although he has a degree from a Lutheran theological school, he is no friend of the church. America needs a new religion, he believes, and a new mythology and symbols to explain and unite this new tribal world.

"In essence," he sums it up, "Indians have really won the battle for cultural survival. It remains only for years to go by and the rise of youth to continue and everyone will be in the mainstream of American life—the tribe."

Abingdon Press will look for a novel that "best depicts moral courage in a contemporary situation" for its annual \$5,000 award in 1972. The contest rules define moral courage as the willingness to live openly by your convictions.

Abingdon's address is: 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

Entries must be postmarked no earlier than January 1, 1972, and no later than March 1, 1972. The contest judges will be Robert Cromie, host of the syndicated TV program *Book Beat*, and William Sloane Coffin, Jr., chaplain at Yale University.

Children's writer Jan Wahl never writes down to his young audience, always has a good story to tell.

*Crabapple Night* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$3.95) is a rollicking tale

about three children who decide the grouchy neighbor down the block must have done in her husband and poisoned a dog named Ambrose. They decide to take revenge, and the action begins. The children discover, of course, that Mrs. Fink didn't get rid of Mr. Fink, or Ambrose. She even forgives them for their suspicions, and all ends cozily.

*The Six Voyages of Pleasant Fieldmouse* (Delacorte Press, \$4.50) is the story of a gentle, philosophical little animal's adventures in the wide, wide world.

Both books are for children from 6 to 10, and both are sensitively illustrated. *The Six Voyages of Pleasant Fieldmouse* by Peter Parnall, whose pen-and-ink sketches make it a work of art, *Crabapple Night* by Steven Kellogg, whose drawings are filled with action and humor.

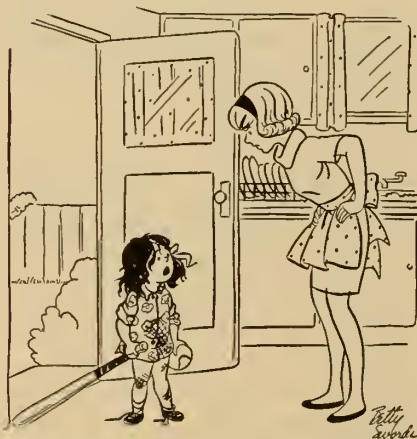
*Wake Up and Good Night* (Harper & Row, \$3.50) is a joyous book about a friendly, suburban world. Charlotte Zolotow's text and Leonard Weisgard's illustrations will give a child at the read-me-a-story age a warm sense of security—if the child lives in such an orderly community.

The city child may find more to identify with in Ezra Jack Keats's colorful, humorous story about a little boy who lives in a city slum. Telling about Archie, complete with Afro haircut and round-framed glasses, his friends, and a stray cat that created a commotion, *Hi, Cat!* (Macmillan, \$4.50) should provoke gales of laughter from members of our youngest set, whether they are black or white.

A straightforward retelling of the story of Joseph by Clyde Robert Bulla is illustrated by strong, colorful drawings by Gordon Laite in *Joseph the Dreamer* (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$4.95). This is a beautiful, well-made book for boys and girls that will stand up to many readings and rereadings.

Since I can't imagine 35 outstanding naturalists all writing like professionals, I have to assume that Victor H. Cahalane did a tremendous job of editing the life stories of birds, reptiles, and mammals the 35 wrote for *Alive in the Wild* (Prentice-Hall, \$9.95). This is a highly readable book made doubly appealing by the skilled graphics editing of Charles C. Johnson and lively-as-life pencil drawings by Robert Candy.

—Helen Johnson



"But if I'm a little lady the boys will throw me off the team."



# Fiction



WHEN WE look backward, we always assume that there was a period when things were in order and the future fairly secure. It is debatable whether any period seemed that way to those living in it. We are so certain that ours is an extraordinary, revolutionary, uncertain time that we assume past generations had a pretty quiet time of it.

When I was a college student, I had a summer job as a playground director. Looking after the youngsters almost worried me to death. They had no sense of danger and ignored rules of safety. I understood why parents worried about children. It seemed a wonder to me that any one of them would survive long enough to vote. Then there came to me again John Newton's words in *Amazing Grace* when he talks about the "many dangers, toils and snares" which he has already been through. And so I come to the conclusion that life is a very dangerous affair in any period, and it is only the grace of God which brings us through our way.

All this came to mind again as I read *A QUIET VOYAGE HOME* by Richard Jessup (*Little, Brown, \$5.95*) for this novel reveals the wild, uncontrollable impulse loose among the young who welcome revolution just for the sake of revolution and seem bent on anarchy at any price. A ship returning from Europe is carrying a group of young people who are ready for excitement or even rebellion. And there is on board ship a young man they call "Indian" who is ready to organize and direct their activities. He has no moral standards, no sense of responsibility. He is, in a word, the perfect symbol of what a good many of those over 30 have come to regard as the true character of the entire younger generation.

Ships, of course, represent society, and Captain Coldwater is the symbol of authority and establishment. The ship's physician, Dr. Jaca, has been through all this business before. A liberal who has fled from it, he understands it better than the other people on board. There is Colonel Peterson who is a professional soldier and a very patriotic man, but he is also a troubled father trying desperately to understand his daughter. The crew and the passengers find themselves dealing with something they do not understand and cannot control. The whole ship is at the mercy of Indian and his organization.

The question is, When to move in with force and when to compromise? It is the question of every riot and every confrontation. Looking back on some past confrontations it seems clear that if, at the right moment, there had been no surrender, perhaps an outburst could have been prevented. But who knows the timing when they are caught up in the middle of it? In some ways the most

frightening thing about the situation as revealed in this book is that no great principle is involved, no dream of justice for those who riot. It is just a matter of wanton destruction of society's way of life and organization.

I do not believe this interpretation of our present troubles, but here is a vision of what might happen if this interpretation is true. But whatever our viewpoint, at least this is a time for very careful thought and for maturity in dealing with our problems. I am still one of those who think that it is, in the words of one of Dr. Fosdick's volumes, "a great time to be alive." I guess that is what the gospel does for a man's point of view.

*GOOD LUCK, MISS WYCKOFF* by William Inge (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95*) was written by a dramatist who won a Pulitzer Prize. It is about a schoolteacher, Miss Wyckoff, whose life in every way has been exemplary. But a civil war wages within her. Finally her quiet life explodes in a sex experience with a black student that is discovered by others. Her life is ruined and she resigns. Nobody can understand what has happened and neither can she. Her superior agrees that he will do anything possible to help her because he can think of no explanation for her behavior except temporary insanity.

Only a person who is aware of these deep abysses in human nature and who has read something of psychology can understand it. Maybe the people who know from personal experience about the Christian interpretation of human nature can accept this book as true to human nature. This is the kind of thing which upsets completely the philosophy that day by day men can get better and better.

This is a sad book and I found myself hoping and praying that Miss Wyckoff would come out better than she did. There is nothing noble about the young man involved and, indeed, the whole affair is sordid and evil. Inge makes this plain enough, and the novel does not belong in the Sunday-school library. Miss Wyckoff is the kind of woman that the Galilean Prophet would have understood and could have helped.

Finally, I bring you two short novels in one volume by an American writer who is new to me. The book is *THEFT* by Rachel Ingalls (*Gambit, \$4.95*). *Theft* is about two men in jail, one for stealing a plow horse and one for stealing a loaf of bread. But there are riots about and both are executed. The profound understanding of them and the picture of the kind of men they are is real art. I have not been so impressed with a character portrayal in a long time. The companion story is *The Man Who Was Left Behind*. It has the same deep understanding of human life and human relations. It is about a man who withdraws from life. Both plots sound very simple when given in their bare outline, but this is really an outstanding book. Miss Ingalls is an artist, and her understanding of human nature is profound. She is referred to as a "new American writer," and I can only hope that she will write something else that I will find.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church







# Mr. Tweedly's Different Day

B VIRGINIA JONES

TIME to get up, Tweedly," called Mrs. Tweedly. "It's time to go to the merry-go-round."

"Ho-hum," said Tweedly, "I'm tired of doing the same thing every day. I'd like a different day."

"Hurry," reminded Mrs. Tweedly, "the children will be waiting."

Mr. Tweedly was the merry-go-round man. He had to be there to make it run for the children.

So Mr. Tweedly put his foot out of bed. He put it right down—hard—on the cat's tail.

"Me-e-o-ow!" yowled the cat.

"Oops," said Mr. Tweedly.

He put his foot back in bed.

"Get out the other side," suggested Mrs. Tweedly.

That got Mr. Tweedly all mixed up. He put his pants on backwards. He put his shirt on backwards.

"Tweedly!" said his wife sternly. "You're all on wrong. Start again."

At breakfast it was just as bad. Mr. Tweedly put his pancakes on top of the butter and syrup. He poured his coffee in the sugar. He put salt on his toast, and jam on his eggs.

When Mr. Tweedly started off to work, Mrs. Tweedly said, "Do be careful today, Tweedly. You're backwards."

At the merry-go-round Mr. Tweedly pushed all the wrong buttons. The music went backwards. It did not play *Pop Goes the Weasel*. It came out *Weasel Goes the Pop*.

The children looked surprised. They looked even more surprised when the merry-go-round started to move backwards. When the horses were supposed to go up, they went down. When they were supposed to go down, they went up.

At first the children thought this was lots of fun. They laughed and had a good time. Then the merry-go-round went faster and faster. It did

not stop. The children got tired of riding, and they got dizzy from going backwards too long.

"Stop the merry-go-round, please, Mr. Tweedly," said one.

"I can't," said Mr. Tweedly.

"I want to get off," said another.

Then Mr. Tweedly thought and thought. He pushed the right button, and at last the merry-go-round stopped.

"Something's wrong with Mr. Tweedly," said the children. "Let's take him home and ask Mrs. Tweedly what to do."

The children told Mrs. Tweedly what had happened.

"I think that I can fix things," she said.

She made Mr. Tweedly take off his

merry-go-round uniform, put on his pajamas, and go back to bed.

"Now, Tweedly," she said, "get out of bed on the right side."

Mr. Tweedly looked worried.

"Where's the cat?" he asked.

"The cat's out," said Mrs. Tweedly.

Mr. Tweedly got out on the right side of the bed. He put his pants on the right way. He put his shirt on right.

Then Mrs. Tweedly gave him breakfast again. He put the butter and syrup on top of the pancakes. He put the sugar in his coffee. He put the jam on the toast, and salt on his eggs.

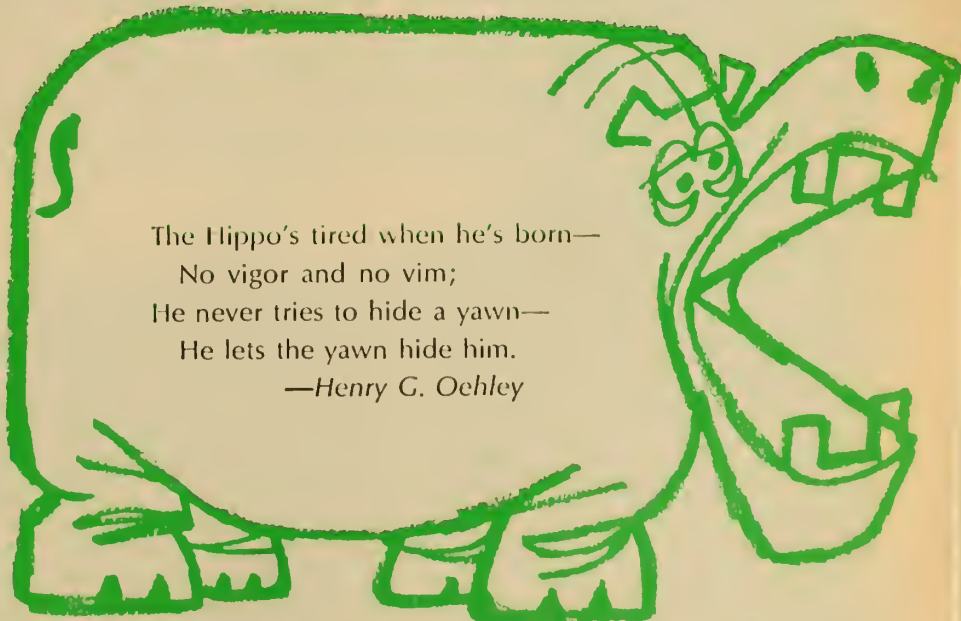
And after he finished eating again, the children took Mr. Tweedly back to the merry-go-round, and they all got on again. Mr. Tweedly started the merry-go-round. The music played *Pop Goes the Weasel*. The merry-go-round went the right way.

All the children shouted, "Hooray!" Then they said, "Please, Mr. Tweedly, never get out of the wrong side of bed again."

Mr. Tweedly said, "I never will. I didn't like today either. It was different. I like days that are all the same after all."

Then he gave all the children an extra ride. □

## The Hippopotamus



The Hippo's tired when he's born—

No vigor and no vim;

He never tries to hide a yawn—

He lets the yawn hide him.

—Henry G. Oehley

# Jottings

If he hadn't told us, we wouldn't believe it. But it must be true because he is pastor of a United Methodist church at Vergennes, Vt., and is a respectable gentleman with a wife and four children ranging in age from 15 to 10.

That's **Samuel H. Fountain**, author of 'Maybe You Can Help People Like Me' [page 26], who writes:

"Always attempting to keep my preaching new and vital, I have the habit from time to time to experiment with new and different techniques. Having never tried to preach from a full manuscript before, I was nervous and preoccupied . . .

"The disastrous result was that during the middle of the service a hymn was used that would have made an excellent recessional. It was so well suited as a recessional that I picked up my gear and began marching from the church. I was adjacent to the last pew before I realized that something was wrong. Several worshipers were looking at me with obviously repressed grins . . .

"I debated whether to crawl back up the aisle on my hands and knees so that no one could see me. I chose, instead, to remain at the rear of the church until the hymn was finished.

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"'Well, it looks like I goofed!' I declared, and without any further apology or explanation walked back to the pulpit and conducted the rest of the service."

We might add that Mr. Fountain's lapse did not occur at Vergennes, although he does not tell us where. Perhaps it was at Hartford, N.Y., where he was pastor at the time this article was written.

Well, if it was embarrassing for Mr. Fountain to go into recessional in the midst of a service, think about the father of **Thomas M. Huddleson**, author of 'Superstar Wins a Convert, page 48.

"As a PK [preacher's kid]," writes Mr. Huddleson from Lyons, Pa., "I've had a long history of causing my father minor embarrassments. For instance, when I was about two years old my mother was changing me in the parsonage which adjoined the church. I somehow slipped off and toddled down the center aisle at the church during the service, naked, calling for my daddy!"

In the Small World department this month:

Not so long ago, Mrs. Triss C. Coplin, financial secretary of First United Methodist Church, Guntersville, Ala., sent us a church bulletin and newspaper clipping regarding Fred J. Cole who last March completed 75 years of service in Methodist choirs.

According to the bulletin, Mr. Cole began singing when he was 10 years old at Cole's Chapel Methodist Church near Fort Smith, Ark. The little church was built by his father, who gave the land it was built on.

Last March 7 was "Fred J. Cole Day" at the Guntersville church, and a few days later Mr. Cole received congratulations from **Ewing T. Wayland**, editorial director of **TOGETHER**.

"I, of course, have known you for many years," Dr. Wayland wrote. "I have often heard my mother and father speak of you, and Cole's Chapel is a very real place to me. Along with my brothers I spent several summers . . . in clear sight of Cole's Chapel. I have personally been back to preach there several times . . ."

And, by the way: Mr. Cole, now over 85, sings tenor.

One article on the Women's Liberation movement is obviously all about that [see this month's

Church in Action feature by **Marjorie Hyer**, page 14]. The other or at least its background, may not be so obvious.

We refer to *On Whose Authority?* by **Rachel Conrad Wahlberg** [page 7]. Mrs. Wahlberg, it seems, felt herself "called" to the Lutheran ministry when she was a junior in college. At that time, of course, "there was no such creature as a woman Lutheran minister."

Frustrated, Mrs. Wahlberg went on to get a master's degree in English. But "through the years, teaching, raising a family, becoming a free-lance writer, I have felt rather resentful about the lack of progress in the church. Now that two of the three main bodies of Lutherans are ordaining women, my husband fondly says I would have been Pastor Rachel Conrad if it had been possible 20 years ago."

Mrs. Wahlberg declares that "sex discrimination saved me from a big mistake! Now that I have become interested in women's liberation, especially in the church, I feel that I am too free to be a minister . . . I believe that liberation—for blacks, browns, women, Indians, children in schools—is the rising thrust of the '70s. Questioning authority and tradition is a vital component of this drive. I'm glad to be a part of it."

Then there's **Dana Brookins** who tells us that chance took her away from what she considered her calling—not the ministry, but art.

"I needed an interest outside the home, so one evening I walked into San Bernardino Valley College (Calif.) and enrolled in an art course. It was quite late and enrollment almost over. As I was passing a table with a 'Creative Writing' sign, a man said: "'Hey, I need one more enrollee to make up a class. Why don't you sign up?'"

Mrs. Brookins did sign up and has been writing ever since. Her *Ten Commandments for the Parent of a Teen-ager* [page 53] is her latest contribution to our pages.

—Your Editors

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# Prayer

What is prayer?  
Can I reach  
from here to there?  
Who are You?  
Who am I  
that I can ask  
and You reply?  
The answers  
I cannot know,  
but this I feel—  
There is no here  
There is no there  
—in prayer.

—Jean Farnsworth





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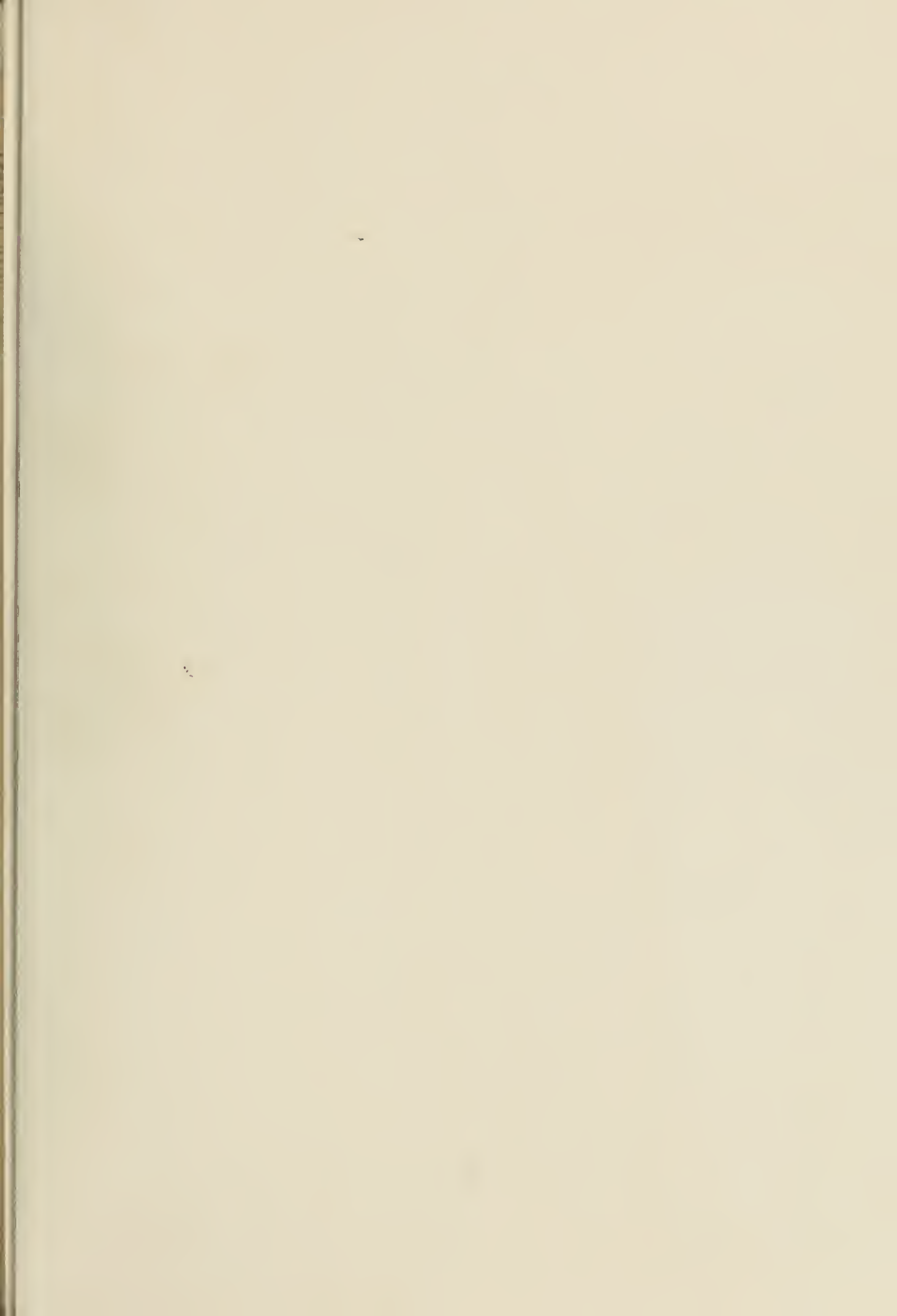
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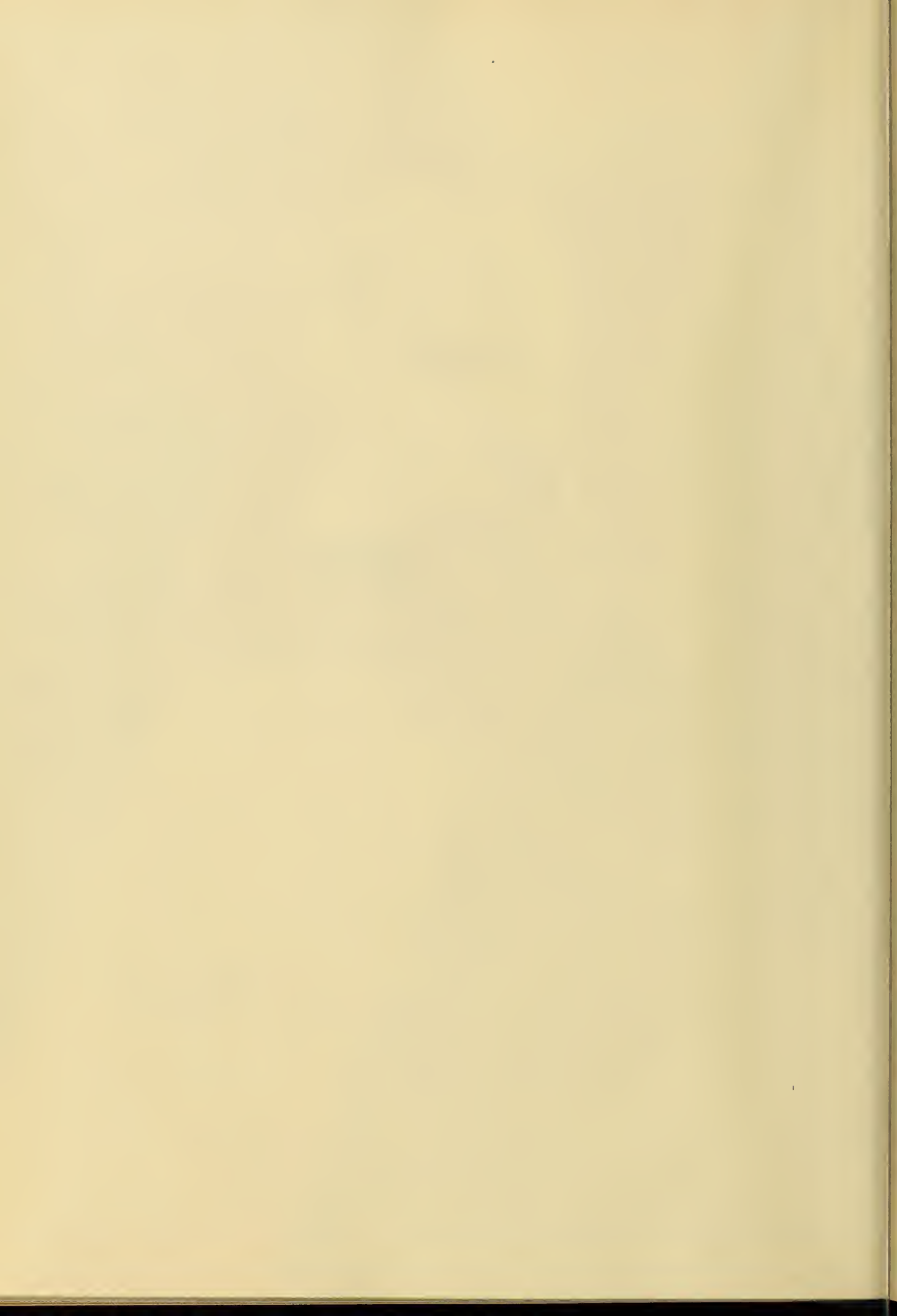




















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